SYR
BEVIS OF
HAMPTON.

Newly Corrected and amended.

LONDON,
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THE HISTORY OF
Bevis *of Hampton.*

Lysten Lordings and hold you still, of doubtie men tell you I will,
That haue bin in many a stour, & held vp England in great honor.
That before this time hath beene, by a Knight it is that I meane,
Sir Bevis of Hámpton that knight hight, that never was proued coward
And by his father ỳ hight sir Guy, a valiant knight & ful hardy, (in fight
And how sir Guy betrayed was, through his wife it came to passe.
That time was Guy of great renown, Earle he was of South-hampton,
In Christendome farre and neere, for doubtinesse was not his peere:
None was so hardie nor so strong: he loued the right & not the wrong.
In euery Land he rode and yéde, for to win him prayse and méede,
In France, in Flanders, & in Almaine, in Brabant, in Cicilie, & in Britaine,
In Denmarke, Callice, and in Gascoyne, in Hungarie, Calabre & Burgon
In Pole, in Normandy, and Maim, in Turky, Mambrant, and in Spaine,
In Eastland, Norway, & in Picardie, in Scotland, Wales, & in Lumbardie,
In Christendom & in heathenes, wel was known sir Guyes worthines,
In all the lands of Christentie, was none found better then he.
While he was yong and lollike, sir Guy would wed no wife,
But when that he was old, and waxed feble, weake and cold,
Then toke he his leaue of Chinalrie, and dwelt in England certainly.
In that time King Edgar anone, sent vnto sir Guy full soone,
For sir Guy was true and wise, and known for a Knight of great prise.
He made him high Steward of his land, and what he said it did stand,
He kept well England in his dayes, and made peace and stablied lawes,
So that no man was so hardy, to doe another villany.
Upon a day he thought sir Guy, that he would wed some faire Lady,
To haue betweene them a childe faire, that of his land might be heire.
The King of Scotland in that tide, had a daughter of much pride.
The Emperours brother of Almaine, loued that Lady as men fine.
And so did sir Guy, he would her haue, and of her father he did her crave.

The King of Scotland shortly, gaue his daughter vnto Sir Guy,
Against the wil of his daughter bright, she had louer had ẏ other knight,
For he was yong and bold, but Sir Guy was now waxen olde.
Alas that euer he her chose, his owne life thereby to lose.
Sir Guy wedded that Lady frée, and brought her home to his countrée,
So long to bed he her led, that a man child together they had.
Bruis they called that child bold, he was no more then seuen yeares old
When that his Father he was slaine, by Sir Murdure of Almaine.
The Lady bethought her on a day, vnto her selfe thus did she say,
My Lord is old and may not worch, all the day he bides in the Church,
What for bruising and what for age, he loueth not with me to rage,
But had I taken a young Knight, that had not bin bruised in fight,
He would loue me both day & night, & make me all the mirth he might.
Truly it shall be thus no while, I shall let slay him by some guile.
After a messenger the Lady did send, that before had béene her friend.
She said thou shalt on my message, thy selfe alone without any page,
And if thou kéepe thy counsaile, I will quite well thy trauell.
Madam he said hold you still, for I will doe after your will.
The Lady was then glad and faine, goe thou she said to Almaine:
And gréet well from me Sir Murdure, brother to the Emperour.
And bid him in the first day of the merry month of May,
That here in this Forrest he be, well armed with his monie,
Bid him that it be not spared, but that my Lord be there beheaded,
And sent it me for a present, my Lord shall naked to him be sent.
If he me loue that shall I sée, goe forth and gréete him thus from mée.
The messenger to the water yéed, alas the winde was all for spéede.
Into Almaine he was brought to the court he went, he forgat it nought,
And asked soone one another, till he came to the Emperours brother,
To him he told his message tho, in priuate betwéene them two,
Now truely may I well sée, how that Lady loueth me,
Gladder I am though I it say, then any tongue tell may,
All her will I meane to doe, gréete her well and say to her so,
Haue here a stéede for thy trauaile, with treasure charged for thy auaile
And if it staud in maine and might, I my selfe will make thée a Knight
The messenger thanked him then, and to England he is gone agen.
To Hampton ho came all in feare, of his enemies that were there,
And said my Lady God thée sée, well sir Murdure gréeteth thée.
Glad he is of thy message, full he hath quit my voyage.

And

And certainely he will be preſt, with a great boaſt in your foreſt,
Thy Lord to aſſaile with maine & might, thy loue ſo trim Lady bright.
When the meſſenger had all ſaid the Lady held her well apaid.
In the firſt day of May, the Lady fained her ſicke and lay,
She made a man her Lord to call, and ſaid an euill did her befall.
The Earle for her had ſorrow & thought & asked her if ſhe would ought.
Sir ſhee ſaid might I it get of a wilde Boare I faine would eate.
Dame he ſaid and loue mine, where ſhould I find the wild Swine,
That might once glad thee? Sir in your Foreſt liueth hee.
Dame he ſaid, make good ſolace, for in the Foreſt I will goe chace.

And ſhe ſaid with treaſon then, bleſſed be thou of all men.
The Earle a Courſer gan beſtride, his Sword he hanged by his ſide,
There might no man with him rin, he was the formoſt man therein,
Alas that he had bene aware, of his enemies that were there.
But when he came to the Foreſt, and was in chaſe after the beaſt,
Him thought he heard ſir Murdure, cry aloud ſir Guy, thou Traytor.

And pricked out before his boaſt, with prompting pride & great boaſt,
And to ſir Guy thus did he ſay, yeild thee Traytor, for by my fay
Thou and thy ſonne both dead ſhall be, for the loue of thy Lady frée,
For I her loued or thou her knew, yet thou her haſt, and ſhalt it rew.
Sir Guy anſwered with reaſon, and ſaid alas here is treaſon,
Yet will I ſo God me mend, here in my right my ſelfe defend.
Either then did other deſie, then ſpurred his horſe good ſir Guy,
And ſmote ſir Murdure with a ſpear, out of the ſaddle he did him beare.
Traytor he ſaid, yea and coward bold, wérneſt thou though I be old,
That I ſhold of thée be harmed with that ſir Guy his ſword out wreſted
And would haue ſlain that falſe knight, had not ſuccour come ſol right.
Sir Murdures men hied them ſo, againſt ſir Guy they came full thro,
Worthily ſir Guy defend him can, full many he ſlew with his hands than
Had he béene well armed iwis, all the maſtery had béene his.
But then ſir Murdure was horſed again, ſir Guyes horſe they had ſlain.
When his horſe was ſlain, that ſtound, ſir Guy was felled to the ground
For had his horſe liued that tide, he had néere abated all their pride.
When ſir Guy was on foot without leſſe, all they gan about him preſſe,
You neuer heard of an old man ere, that fought ſo long as he did there.
But then kneeled Guy to ſir Murdure, and ſaid mercy and ſuccour,
Now Murdure for thy gentry, thus cowardly let me not here dye.
But lend me horſe, armour and ſhield, and let me die here in the field,
And if with me thou will doe ſo, I thée forgiue if thou me ſloe.
Then cryed they all in this wiſe, ſlay him that he neuer riſe,
With that ſir Murdure to him yead, and full ſone ſmote off his head.
To a knight he gaue his head, goe he ſaid now he is dead
To the Counteſſe that is ſo bright, and ſay I will come to her this night.
The knight vnto the Lady went, and ſaid Madame here is a preſent,
My Lord thée ſent it, ſir Murdure, this night he will come to thy boure,
This gift he ſaid is life to me, and thanke ſir Murdure of his gentry,
And ſay I am all at his will, early and late, loud and ſtill.
The meſſenger went his way, and told his Lord what ſhe did ſay.

How *Beuis* kept ſheep vpon the downes, and how that he left the ſheep, and went to his Fathers houſe, and how he ſlew the Porter, with other things that he did there.

NOw will we of yong Beuis tell, how he liu'd and what him befell,
Alas he ſaid all for teene, that I had with my father béene.

To

To haue holpe him in that ſtoure, againſt that falſe theefe ſir Murdure,
To his mother he ran and ſaid, why haſt thou my father betraid?
I will be auenged and be thy bane, alas that euer thou wert woman,
And all Whores for thy ſake, to the Deuill of Hell I them betake,

But an oath mother I doe ſweare, if euer I may armes beare,
I will be auenged with might & main, on him that hath my father ſlain.
His mother his words vnderſtood, and gaue him a buffet on the hood,
To ground he fell, that was harme his Uncle tok him vp by the arme,
Men call his Uncle ſir Sabere, the childe was to him full deere,
For Sabere was ſir Guyes brother, in England was not ſuch another.
Home with the child Sabere went, the Lady ſone after him ſent,
Sabere ſhe ſaid for well or woe, my Sonne Beuis ſée that thou floe,
For I ſhall neuer glad be, that day that I doe him ſée.
Sir Sabere was not well apaid, yet granted as the Lady ſaid,
Home he went with friends few, and within a whils a Pig he ſlew.
Beuis clothes that were ſo good, he ſprinkled with the Pigs blood,

Sir Sabere then all for dread, cloathed the childe in a poore ward.
And ſaid, Beuis thou muſt kéepe, vpon the Downes my flocke of ſhéepe,
Till the ſpoyſage be brought to end, then will we to Wales wend.
There is an Earle kinne to thée, thou ſhalt there dwell & with him bée,
When thou art big & armes canſt bear & haſt ſtrength harnes to weare,
Then maiſt thou claime thy heritage, & auenge thy father, being of age.
Then I will helpe thée for to fight, with dint of ſword to win thy right.
Therefore my ſhéep lée thou forth driue, let no man know thou art aliue.
Forth went Beuis with Saberes ſhéep, vnto the field and fore gan wéepe,
When Beuis was ſet vpon the down, he looked vp to South-hamptown,
And as he looked toward the tower, Trumpets he heard and Tabour,
Harping there was & much bliſſe, in that place that ſhold haue bin his,
Lord he ſaid that of me art gouernor, was not I an Earls ſon of honor:
I will no longer bide on this downe, home I will to South-hamptown,

And will now ſée preſently what Murdure doth with that Lady.
He ran faſt on his gate, till he came to the Caſtle gate.

Porter

Porter he said take none ill, for into the hall on message I will.
Fie ribauld said the Porter tho, whorson varlot sir thou hence goe,
There is no man but he were mad, on message would send such a lad.
Whores sonne said Beuis if I be one, yet varlot was I neuer none,
Thou shalt neuer a stranger despise haue this for thy seruice,
Such a stroke he him graffe, that his braines claue to the staffe.
Beuis into the hall went, with ragged cloathes and sleeues rent,
All about he gan behold, and to sir Murdure spake words bold:
False theefe what dost thou here, why hast thou slaine my father dere,
My mother it is that thou hast tane, wend forth in the diuels name.
And if thou dwell against my leaue, I trust in God I shall thee greue
Then said Murdure hold thee still, thou canst no good but much ill.
Beuis hit sir Murdure at that word, that he sounded at the board.
Another stroke he stroke sadly, with that the Lady began to cry,
Then Beuis would no longer abide, for Knights rose on euery side,
For young Beuis woe there was they tooke him not but let him passe.
Beuis went home I you hete, he met his master amid the strete.
What now Beuis said Sabere? for Gods sake what doest thou here?
Beaten I haue my stepfather, and slaine I haue his porter.
Then said Sabere thou art to blame, by this I get both harm & shame,
But betide what may betide, once againe I will thee hide.
Sabere him to chamber led, of the countesse he was a dread,
The Countesse would neuer blin, till she came to sir Saberes Inne.
Sabere she said where is become, that vncouth lad that strong fellone?
Dame he said he is dead, at your Counsaile and at your reade,
Loe his clothes are all blood, thou lyest said she as thou wert wood,
But thou that lad take, thou shalt suffer for his sake.
Beuis heard that she him threat, to her he leapt with heart great,
And said to her, Dame, doe my master for me no shame.
The Lady said thou art bold, now to me thy life is sold.
Sabere and another Knight, she called to her anone right,
Him to them betooke shee, and bad them cast him into the sea,
And cast the boy amids the streame. sir Sabere though thou be his eame
But thou drowne this glutton, thou shalt abide for that treason.
Gladly my Lady certes said he, the childe he led vnto the sea, (thought
They would not drowne him for ought, but another thing they be

How Beuis was sould vnto the Panims, and carried ouer the sea into Armony, and was presented vnto King Ermine.

They found ships both more and lesse, of Panims and of heathenesse,
They sold the child with much thought, & to the Panims Beuis they
Beuis heart waxed cold, when to the Panims he was sold, (raught,

But yet him list not to rage, ouer they made good voyage,
Their saile they drew, the wind was good, they sailed forth as they were
Till they came the riuer nie that leads to the land of Armony, (wood
The King Ermine, of that land, his wife was dead I vnderstand,
He had a daughter faire and bright, Iosian that faire maiden hight,
Her visage was white as lilly flower, therein ranne the red colour,
With bright browes and eyes sheene, her haire as gold-wire was seeue:
With comely nose and lips full swete, lourly mouth and fine feete,
With teeth white and euen set, her hands were white as violet,
With strait body withouten lacke, well shapen both of belly and backe

With

With small hands and fingers long, nothing of her was shapen wrong
Wherefore should I her deceiue, there was neuer none fairer on liue
The Merchãts are to Court gon, & presented the king with Beuis anon,
Therfore the king was fain & blith & thãked the Merchãts ahũdred sith
By Mahoũd said the King I were gay, would this child forsake his lay
For by Mahound that sitteth on hie, yet saw I neuer a child with eye.
That bare so much faireneſſe, neither in length nor in broadneſſe.
Child he said thy name tel me, where thou wert born & in what country
Sir he said, Beuis is my name, where I was borne thinkt I no shame,
In England my mother bare me, at South-hampton vpon the Sea.
My father therof was Earle a while, my mother let slay him by a guile,
And hath me sold to the Panims, a wickeder woman may none be twis
And I may liue certainely, I shall reuenge my father sir Guy.
The King of Armony said full well, of Guy of hãpton I haue heard tel,
Many a Palmer and Sarasine, he hath slaine with much paine,
Beuis said he, I haue no heire, but a daughter that is faire:
And thou wilt thy Lord forsake, and to Apoline our God thée betake,
I shall giue thée her to be thy wife and all my land after my life.
Sir he said that will I nought, for all things that euer was wrought,
Neither for any gift may be, nor for thy daughter that is so frée,
I should doe my selfe dishonour if I should forsake my creator,
The King did him no fiance for he was stedfast in his credence.
The king said, Beuis while thou art swain, thou shalt be my chãberlain,
When thou art dubbed a Knight, thou shalt beare my banner in fight,
Beuis answered milde and still, what ye bid me doe that I will,
Beuis was loued of squire & knight, for he was curteus both day & night
Iosian gan Beuis for to loue, ouer all things that was aboue,
When Beuis was fifteene yeere old, knight nor squire was none so bold
That against Beuis durst ride, ne with no weapon him abide.
The first déede withouten lesse, that Beuis did in Heathenesse.
It fell vpon Christmas day, how it was I will you say,
Beuis rode to field him to solace, and sixtie Sarasins met him alas,
A Sarasin gan to Beuis say, Beuis tell me what hight this day?
Beuis answered him twis, I wot not what day it is,
For I was but seauen yeare old, when to the Heathens I was sold,
Therefore fellow blame not me, if I wot not what day it be,
The Sarasins said and lough we can tell thee well enough,
This day is Christmas day, that thy God was borne men say, (our.

This day thou shouldst thy God honor, with some Nobles as we do our
Beuis vnto a Sarasin said, of Christendome dost thou me vpbraid?
I wold I were as wel armd in this place, as euer sir Guy my father was

For his sone that ware the crown of thorn, & on this holy day was born
Would I fight with all the rout, then should men sée without doubt,
Whether he were stronger in heauen, or al the Mahounds you can name
Hearken fellowes said a Sarasin, how he despiseth Appoline,
Yet wæneth this christian hound, that he can bring vs to the ground.
We will no longer haue respite, who so doth best shall be sæn now right
Turne thée Beuis we thée defie, there is nought else but thou shalt die.
All at once on him they swong, and gaue him wounds wide and long,
Beuis had no weapon great nor small, for to defend himselfe withall.
There was no boote for him to pray, but let him doe the best he may.
Beuis was light and quicke, and to a Sarasin he gan leape,
And with his fist he strok so fast, his chæke bone he all to brast, (stand
The Sarasins sword he tok in hand, & felled all that before him would

There

There men might ſée much woe, when Beuis hands began to goe,
To ſome he gaue ſuch wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds.
The Saraſins were light and ſlie, and aſſailed Beuis with great enuy.
About Beuis the Saraſins did leape, as they had béene a flocke of ſhéepe,
Of ſome he gan the wombs downe tear, that the guts trailed heere there
There was no Saraſin that he hit, but his body inſunder he ſplit.
There might none flie by any ſide, but Beuis made them to abide.
And Beuis within a little ſtound, the ſixtie Saraſins brought to ground,
Great game had Beuis to ſée then, the hurt Saraſins to lie and grinde,
Here is ſéen ſaid Beuis in this ſtound, that God is ſtronger then Mahoũd
The Saraſins ſteedes homeward ran, without the guiding of any man.
And Beuis homewards did ride, with bloudy wounds on each ſide,
He ſtabled vp his horſe tho. and to his Chamber gan he goe.
To the freſh earth he laid him flat, for to ſtanch his wounds with that,
Tidings came to King Ermine, that in deſpite of his God Appoline,
Beuis had ſlaine his men ſixty, and to the King done ſhame and villany.
The King ſware neuer to eate bread, if it were ſo. till he were dead.
When Iosian it heard ſhe was full woe. and to her father ſhe did goe,
And ſaid, you ought not to giue iudgement, till both parties be preſent,
Beuis is ſo milde of mood, I wot he did no man but good,
(By Mahound and by Termagant) but if he were defendant.
Then ſaid the King bring both to me, as Iosian ſaith ſo ſhall it be,
When we haue heard both parties, then will we doe iuſtice,
Iosian called forth two Knights, goe your way ſhe ſaid forth rights
To Beuis that is ſo frée, and bid him come and ſpeake with me. (lad
To the chamber they went as ſhe them bad, either the other by the hand
And when they came to the chamber dor, the one knight went in before
And ſaid, Beuis is it thy will, to come ſpeake with Iosian thy fill?
Beuis lookt vp with grim viſage, ſie he ſaid on your meſſage,
I will not once ſtirre off this ground, to ſpeake with any heathen hound
Unchriſtened hounds I rede you flée or I your heart bloods will ſée.
The Knights fled them faſt away, and vnto Iosian they did ſay,
Lady, Beuis called thee hound, thrice within a little ſtound,
We would not oft goe to him, for all the City, he looketh ſo grim.
Yes ſaid Iosian come with me. and certaine I ſhall your warrant be.
With the Maid forth went they, to the chamber where Beuis lay,
Beuis looked vp anone, and Iosian in her armes twaine
Tooke Beuis, and kiſſed him ſweete, his ſorrow ſhe ſaid ſhe did weete.

She ſaid Beuis grieue no more, though thou art hurt wõdrous ſore,
For there is not in Panims land, better ſaine I vnderſtand,
Then I haue brought this ſtound. for to heale therewith thy wound:
Beuis roſe vp at her bidding, and went forth vnto the King.
On Beuis was there at that tide, twenty wounds long and wide,
King Ermine then the truth heard, how Beuis and the Sarasins fard,
He had ſuch ruth and pity, that the teares ran downe plenty,
He ſaid faire daughter Iosian, heale Beuis wounds if you can,
I would not as I vnderſtand, loſe his life for all my land,
Iosian did Beuis to chãber lead, to ſtop the wounds they ſhould not bleed
With ſaines and drinks ſhe healed him ſoft, and euer among ſhe kiſſed him oft,
So within a little ſtound, Beuis was both whole and ſound.

How Beuis in a morning roſe and went to the Forreſt and ſlue the wilde Bore.

A Wilde Boze was there abeut, all men of him had great doubt,
And all the men that he tooke, with his teeth he all to ſhooke.

The

The Bore was great & wondrous long, his head was great, & he strong
Euery man grieued both knight & king, for to come in his meeting.
Lord said Beuis vpon a day, whether it is as men doe say?
Certes my heart will euer be sore, till I haue foughten with the Bore.
Beuis rose vp early vpon a day, and sadled him his good palfray,
He tooke a sword stiffe and strong, a good shield and speare long.
And forth he pricked ouer the field, Iosian saw and all beheld.
When Beuis came vnto the wood, his shield he tooke that was so good.
His horse he tyed to a thorne, and began to blow his horne:
And about the forrest he sought, but the Bore found he nought,
Till he came to the diuels den, there found he the bones of many men,
That in the wood the Bore flue, the blood he dranke, the flesh he gnew.
Rise he said thou foule beast; thou shalt not here long rest,
When the Bore of Beuis had an eye, he set his bristles all on hye,
And stared with his eyes all hollow as he would fir Beuis swallow.
Of thee said Beuis I haue meruaile, well I haue spent this trauaile.
A speare to him did Beuis beare, in many pieces he burst it there:
All too weake that speare was wrought for in the Bore boot it nought.
His sword he drew to him there, but there might no dint him feare:
Beuis thought at each dint, that he had smitten vpon a flint.
The Bore smote at Beuis so hard, that he was neare faint coward.
Without rest hard fought they; till it was hie noone of day:
Lord said Beuis helpe and mercy, I am so weary me thinke I dye.
The Bore was feeble and faint also and from Beuis gan he goe.
Then said Beuis yet will not Iesu, that I should lose my vertue:
Betide said Beuis what may betide, one of vs shall death abide.
Beuis smote the Bore with paine, the Bore saw that he turned againe:
As he came gaping all to wonder, the vpper iaw he smote asunder:
In at the mouth the Bore he tare, and cloue his heart asunder there,
And wich his sword then in haste, the Bores head he off cast,
And on a truncheon of his speare, the head he sticked thence to beare.
That saw the Fosters of that forrest, that Beuis had slain that foule beast
They said, we haue great disdaine, that he hath the Bore slaine:
Goe we to him we will him flay, and take the head from him away:
Then shall we haue all the honour right as we were conquerour.
As Beuis from the forrest did ride, they him beset on euery side: (alone:
The twelue Fosters were arriued each one & Beuis was naked (away
Whē Beuis wold hād on his swordlay, the scabeed he had, his sword was

For

For he had left the ſword thore, where he ſlew the wilde Bore.
Then had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of his ſpeare.
Two Foſters ſmote he downe, with the ſtroke of his truncheowne:
Nine Foſters he ſlew at dints thær, and the other thær away gan flær.
Beuis went with the head away: all ſaw Iosian where ſhe lay,
Such loue on him then ſhe caſt, that neuer failed but euer did laſt.
The head of that wilde Swine, Beuis preſented to King Ermine.
Then that time roſe Beuis price, that was both curteous and wiſe.
Soone after, not long during, came a meſſenger to Ermine King,
From King Bradmound of Damas, that ſwore be Mahound and Golias,
That if King Ermine did not blieke, ſend Iosian to be his wife,
In many wales he would him nop, and all his land rob and deſtroy:
And ſaid, in the firſt day of May, he would come and hold that day,
And take away his daughter then, and all his land deſtroy and bren.
King Ermine he was wod and wroth, & ſent for Earles & Barons both,
And tolde them without faile, that King Bradmound had him battaile.
A word ſpake Iosian bright, by Mahound if Beuis were made a knight.
He would ſuccour pon right well, my ſelfe ſaw where he did fell
Nine Foſters at dints thær, and other thær away gan flær,
Yet had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of a ſpeare.
Thereof ſaid the King ſhall be no let, but Beuis ſhall to vs be ſet:
Then he dubbed Sir Beuis a knight, and made him harneſſe for to fight,
Full well they gan for him puruey, with a great hoaſt againſt that day.
Beuis, ſaid the King, helpe at this nede, for all my men then ſhalt leade:
Arme thær right & take thy ſhield, for King Bradmound bides in the field,
Beuis put on his hactowns, that had worthied many a towne:
A hauberk Iosian to him brought, a better hauberk was neuer wrought,
A helmet ſhe gaue him good and faire, there might nothing it impaire:
Then to him that faire maide gaue Morglay a ſword both fine & brane,
There was no better vnder the Sun, many a land therewith was won.
Iosian gaue him alſo a ſteede, the beſt that euer on ground pæde.
Full well I can you his name tell, men call this ſteede Arundell:
No horſe in the world was ſo ſtrong, that might out run him a furlong.
When Beuis in his ſaddle did light, Iosian ſmiled to ſæ the knight.
Beuis did his horne blow, for that his hoaſt might it know.
Beuis had with him as I vnderſtand, of bold yeomen twenty thouſand:
And yet King Bradmound their foe, had full twice as many moe.
When Beuis came into the field, King Bradmound ſtood and all beheld.

A loud laughter he made then when he saw there was no more men.
Either of the hoasts gan other desie, they shot arrowes on either partie:
With their bowes and arrowes, they slue fast on either parties:
And when they were thus fighting, there was earnest and no gaming.
King Bradmounds banner bare Radison, he was as strong as any Lyon:
Beuis at him had great envie, either of them did other desie, (would,
They smote their steeds with spurs of gold, Arundell ran right as Beuis
Both the parties stood and beheld how either hit other amidst the shield:
Radisons speare all to brast, Beuis speare held and he sat fast:
Then through the shield and hacton, he bare the great stout Radison,
The speare burst and he fell downe, in his brest he left the trunchowne.
Then King Bradmound was abashed, for in Radison he euer trusted:
For he thought he was so maine, that no man might stand him againe.
About sir Beuis they came readily, to auenge his death on the other party
And Beuis ceast not but thought it good, to bathe his glay in their blood.
Men might see in that stound, an hundred Sarasins brought to ground,
A little further he rode tho. and slue twice as many moe.
The Sarasins that with Beuis were, helped him with their power.
Men might see ouer all, heads tumbling like a ball:
Many Sarasins men might meet, with guts trapling about their feet.
Some all handelesse gan flee, and some all shankelesse aboue the knee:
And some their heads off he sent, and some noseleese away went:
And some fled with so great wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds
A many steeds men might see then, with dead Sarasins away ren,
And all the sicke and whole, had beene at sir Beuis dole,
Bradmound for his men mis-fare, two of Beuis knights he tooke there,
And led them forth and would haue fled: Beuis saw they were bested,
He said, abide thou old wretch, art thou come Iosian to fetch?
Yeeld thy prisoners vnto me, I will deliuer them from thee.
Such a stroke he gaue Bradmound, that man and horse fel to the ground.
Mercy said Bradmound I thee pray let me liue and ransome pay:
Both Cities, Castles, and Towers, I shall thee giue with great honours
Nay said Beuis, I will none of thine, but become seruant to king Ermine
And doe him homage and fealtie, for other ransome none shall be.
Well said Bradmound, I had leuer doe so, then here to die in pain & woe.
Beuis charged him in his lay, that he should neuer by night or day,
Wait King Ermine any treason, but be euer ready of his summon,
And hold him of his land as chiefe, be he loth or be he liefe.

Beuis was King Ermines atturney, to receiue homage that day.
When Beuis had done he let him goe, alas why did he not him ſloe?
For ſoone after as you may heare, he ſerued him in worſe manner.
The knights he tooke from Bradmound, Beuis led forth in that ſtound.
For great loue he would not blin, but them he had vnto his Inne,
And gaue them of meat & drink the beſt, & on his bed did cauſe them reſt,
And when ſir Beuis had done ſo, vnto the King he then did goe:
And ſaid ſir K. make good viſage, for K. Bradmond hath done thee homage
And holds thee for chiefe in eld & towne, & will be ready at thy ſummon.
Then King Ermine was glad and blithe, and thanked Beuis often ſithe:
And ſaid faire daughter Iosian, I pray thee make much of this man:
Lead him to chamber, Mahound him ſaue, that therein hee reſt may haue,
And ſerue him both of meate and drinke, of the beſt that you can thinke.
Then faire Iosian was right glad, to her chamber ſhe him led.
When Beuis was ſet ſoft on a bed, the boards were laid, & tables ſpred:
When ſhe had vnarmed Beuis, at a board ſhe ſet him twis,
And made him well at eaſe and fine, with rich meat and pleaſant wine.
When they had well eaten, and on a bed together ſitten,
Iosian that was ſo true, thought ſhe would her loue renew.
She ſaid, Beuis, I vow certainly, aboue all things I doe loue thee:
And if thou loue not me againe, I ſhall be dead through woe and paine.
Then ſaid Beuis be thou ſtill, me thinkes thou ſpeakeſt without skill:
Thou maiſt haue vnich, King Bradmound that is ſo rich:
In this world is no man, neither King Duke or Soudan.
But they would haue thee to their Quæn, and if they had thee once ſeene:
I am a knight of a ſtrange land, and haue no more then I in ſtand.
Percy Beuis, ſaid Iosian, I had rather haue thee for my lemman,
Thy body in thy ſhirt naked, then all the goods that Mahound maked,
Beuis ſhe ſaid tell me thy thought, Beuis ſate ſtill and ſaid nought.
She fell downe and wept ſore, ſaying thou ſatoſt here before,
There is no King that me hath ſeene, but would haue me for his quæne:
And thou thinkeſt of me great ſpight, wend out of my chamber right.
For ſo comely it were thee like, for to bedge and make a dike.
Then thus to be dubbed a Knight, and to dwell among Ladies bright:
For Churle and euill maiſt thou fare. Mahound giue thee ſorrow & care.
Damſell he ſaid, I am no Churle, my father was both Knight and Earle:
To my country I will me hie, neuer after thou ſhalt me ſee:
Thou ganeſt me a horſe, take him here, I will not keep him to be in danger

Beuis

Beuis went forth and would not blinne, till he came into his Inne.
As grieued he was as he were blamed, because Iosian him so shamed.
The two Knights that Beuis loued, asked him who had him grieued:
Beuis said neither good nor ill, but sate him downe and held him still.
When Beuis went Iosian fro, then did begin all the woe,
Then she called the chamberlaine Boniface, e his helpe asked in that case
To Beuis on message she did him send, e said she would all things amend.
All that I bid thee, say truely, and pray him for to come to me.
Boniface his way is gone, to Beuis chamber he is come,
And said that Iosian did him send who said he would all things amend.
And all should be after his will so that he would come her till.
Beuis said, why should I doe so, she bad me wend her chamber fro.
A robe gaue Beuis to the messenger, with other gifts rich and cleere.
Well trimmed with great cost, haue this he said for thy hast,
And greet well thy Lady from me, and say I will her nere more see.
Boniface thanked him then, and so to Iosian went againe.
He said Lady make good cheere, for Beuis will no more come heere.
Certes Madame you did vnright, for to miscall so noble a Knight,
For it was never a Charles deed, to giue a messenger such a weed.
If Beuis will not come to me I will not blinne till I him see.
Befall me therefore well or woe, vnto his chamber will I goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne, till she came to Beuis Inne.
When Beuis heard her without, as he did sleepe he began to rout.
Beuis she said awhile awake, I am come peace to make,
Faire Damsell then said he, let me alone and goe from me.
I am weary of fighting full sore, so will I for your loue no more.
Mercy she said my lemman sweet, she fell downe and began to weep.
Forgiue me that I haue mis-said, if ye will be well apaid,
My false gods I will forsake, and Christendome will take.
On that couenant said Beuis then, I will thee loue swet Iosian.
He kissed her to accordement, and therefore was Beuis shent. (mound.
The two knights were there that stound, that Beuis toke from D. Brad-
They heard all their couenant, and went to the King in an instant.
And said Beuis this same day, hath made Iosian forsake her lay,
And surely he will lye her by, except ye take some remedy.
And if he be not sent away, he will destroy all your lay,
It is true by all Hallowes, deliuer a theefe from the gallowes,
He shall thee watt to rob or slo, so it fared by these Knights two,

Beuis deliuered them from perill, and they requited him full ill.
Alas then ſaid Ermine the King ſore am I grieued at this tiding.
Sithen that Beuis came not till, much he hath done at my will.
I would not for all Armony, ſee any doe Beuis villany.
But I would faine auenged be ſo that the deed I might not ſee.
And then a Saraſin to him ſaid, there may be in parchment made.
A letter vnto King Bradmound, and will that he be brought to ground.
As he is true liegeman to yon ſworne, by Beuis ſhall the letter be borne.
And by Mahound I dare ſay, Beuis ſhall neuer goe quite away.
When this was brought vnto the end the King did after Beuis ſend,
And ſaid, thou ſhalt go forth right & be true meſſenger as thou art knight
And beare king Bradmound this letter & euer thou ſhalt be the better,
Some other ſurceſſe ſhould beare it, but it ſhal turne thee to great profit.
Sir, let me haue Arundell and good Morglay, I dare vndertake the way
Be Bradmound neuer ſo wrath or wood, I ſhall make my partie good.
Wherfore ſaid Ermine thinkeſt thou forthon ſhalt but on my meſſage go.
Take therefore an eaſie hackney, that may beare thee away eaſily.
It becommeth no meſſenger to leade, on meſſage ſo heauie a ſteede.
And Beuis thou ſhalt to me ſweare, that thou ſhalt truly my letters beare
And as thou art true man liefe, not vndoe the print of my briefe.
May ſaid Beuis on Chriſten Rood, he tooke his letter and forth he rode,
Vpon an ambling hackney, leauing at home Arundell and Morglay.
Ieſu him comfort and reed, with him he beareth his owne deed.

LEaue we now of Beuis here, and ſpeake we of his name Sabere,
After that Beuis from him was fold, his heart for him wared cold:
He called to him his ſonne Terry, and bad him wend for to eſpye,
In Saraſins land far and nere, if he might ought of Beuis heare,
Palmers ward thou ſhalt weare ſo maiſt thou better of him heare,
He gaue him treaſure for to ſpend, whē that is gone God wil more ſend.
Forth then gan Child Terry fare, to Saraſins land till he came there.
In many a towne he hath ſought, yet of Beuis heard he nought,
Till it befell vpon a day, as afterwards I ſhall you ſay.

How *Beuis* went on meſſage to King *Bradmound*, and how hee fought in the Citie of *Damace*, againſt the Saraſins that made ſacrifice to Idols, and how hee tare them downe, and caſt them into the durt, and afterward was taken vp and put into priſon.

TUrn again where we were before, of Beuis of hampton to ſpeak more
Beuis rode forth and paſſed faſt, towards the Citie of Damace:

He

He rode dayes and nights both, and reſted not without oath.
He rode as faſt as he might ride, two or three morewes tide:
Then lift he both to drinke and eate, as a weary man doth after heate,
To ſleepe he had luſt the ſtorie tels, that might be get but nothing elſe.
Beuis laid him downe to ſlæpe a ſtound, & let his horſe bait on the ground:
When he awoke out of his ſleepe, no longer he abode, but vp he did leape.
He came to a forreſt faire and broad, and thitherward as he rode,
He ſaw a Palmer ſit him neere, with bread and wine at his dinner.

Baken Curlewes he had thær, though he ſæmed poore to be.
The Palmer ſaw Beuis was a Knight, he bailed his bonnet as was right
And ſaid courteous ſir Knight, pleaſeth it you here downe to light:
Much liking I haue to thee, therfore ſir Knight pray eat with me:
Thou maiſt wiſh me full euen, to a man that I can name.
Beuis ſaid vnto him againe, hunger hath done me much paine.
Beuis ate and dranke plentie, while he would ſit and thereat be.
Then to ſpeake Beuis began, Palmer he ſaid art thou a Chriſtian?

Where wert thou borne tell to me, and what thou doest in this country?
Then said the Palmer, ye shall vnderstand, that I was borne in England,
At South-hampton vpon the sea, and came into this countrie,
To seeke after a youthfull right, forsooth Beuis he was hight:
I shall him seeke till I him finde, though I him seeke to the worlds end,
To bring him into England, to helpe my father with his hand,
Against his stepfather for to fight, to winne his heritage and right.
What hight thy father, good Palmer? Sir, men call him sir Sabere:
Sir, he hath euer beene in strife, sith sir Guy of Hamptons life:
I left him in an Ile full good, that is inclosed with salt floud.
And euery yeare a day certaine, he fighteth with sir Murdure of Almaine,
For to winne his heritage, I haue for him vndertooke this voyage.
Tell me therefore if you can, wish me right vnto that man.
Then said Beuis with milde cheare, Beuis haue I knowne this ten yeare:
It is not three dayes at all, sithen we were both in one hall:
There is no man by Gods ore, in Christendome that I loue more:
We were fellowes lately, he told me his father hight sir Guy.
Sir, said the Palmer, that is he, for Gods loue let me him see.
Nay said Beuis, it may not be so, but on message must I goe:
But goe thou to England againe, & helpe thy father with might & maine.
For when I haue my message done, I shall speake with Beuis full soone:
And tell him what I vnderstand, and make him hye into England:
Perchance, with Beuis, who is my friend, I also will to England wend.
Sir said the Palmer in his language, to whom doe you ride on message?
To King Bradmound said Beuis I wend, he is my foe and not my friend.
Sir said the Palmer if it thy will bee, I pray thee let mee thy letter see.
Nay said Beuis not for woe, so mought I shame to my selfe doe:
It shall neuer vnsealed be, till King Bradmound doth it see.
They tooke their leaue, and gan goe, either thanked other of them two.
The Palmer went to England ward, and Beuis did ride on forward.
Toward the Citie of Damace, the which was a full pleasant place,
There was King Bradmonds Palace, was neuer a richer the story sayes,
For both the windowes & the wall, were painted with Gold, tower & hall,
Pillars & dores were all of brasse, windowes of stone were set with glasse:
It was so rich in many wise, that it was like a Paradise.
About the place there was a Dike, for bredth and depth few the like.
Ouer the Dike a Bridg there lay, that man & beast might passe that way
Under the Bridge were sixtie Bells, full so many as the storie tells,

That

That there might no man passe in, but all they rang with a ginne.
At the Bridge end there was a Tower, painted with Gold and colour,
Rich it was for to behold: thereon stood an Eagle of Gold.
His eyes were of precious stones, of great vertue for the nones,
The stones were so rich and bright, that all the place shone with light.
When Beuis was nere the Citie, of this place marueiled he,
For sithen Beuis borne was, saw he never such a place.
When Beuis came the Citie within, great mirth and noyse he saw begin,
The Sarasins then did sacrifice, to their Mahumets in their wise,
And Beuis came nere to see, and said, what the Deuil of Hel doe ne?
May make you Mahound this present, and forsake God omnipotent?
I shall wit before I goe, what Mahound can say or doe.
Beuis leapt vnto Mahound, and tooke him right by the Crowne,
And cast him amids the mire, and bad them take vp their fire.
The Sarasins that by Beuis stood, for ire and teene they wared wood,
They swore all he should deere abye, the despising of their Mawmetry.
There was no more then to say, but all at once on him they lay.
Beuis saw that, his sword he drew, and all that would abide he slew.
Then rose the cry in the Citie, and Sarasins gathered great plentie:
About Sir Beuis they gathered, because Mahound he despised.
Beuis then did make a stoure, at each stroke he felled foure,
With the Sarasins he fought so fast, that two hundred to ground he cast.
Within awhile men might meet, heads tumbling in the street,
To the Pallace they ran hasting, for to haue succour of the King:
And said, sir we are annoyed, for many men are neere destroyed.
Through a knight that hither is come: all our Gods he hath pulled down
And trodden them vnder his feet, in the mire amids the street,
And all thy men he hath slaine, that euer did fight him againe:
Sir King but we haue helpe of thee, he will destroy all the Citie.
King Bradmound said, By my God, be he Deuil or be he wood,
What he is I will goe see, arme you soone and come with me.
Forth they went all the rout, from the Kings Pallace without doubt.
Right on the Bridge the storie sayes, they met him going to the Pallace.
When Beuis saw the King with Crown, vpon his knees he kneeled down
And gaue him vp the deed with his hand, & said, Jesus that I vnderstand.
Shaped all the World so round, giue thee sorrow King Bradmound:
But Mahound and Apolyne and Termagant, which be Gods thine,
Let them giue thee now their blessing, with short life and euill ending.

Well

Well thee greeteth King Ermine, & sendeth thee a Letter in Parchmine,
And biddeth thee his bidding doe, as thou art sworne him vnto.
The King of Beuis receiued the Deed, and gaue it to a Clarke to read:
The Letter had he should him sloe, and that he should not goe him fro,
For certaine if he passe away, he will destroy all our Lay.
When King Bradmound heard of this, he made therfore great ioy & blisse:
He said, Beuis welcō to Court with shame, we wil teach thee a new game
Thou art he that made me thrall, not onely me, but my men all,
Thou slewest & broughtst my men to ground, xx. M. within a little stound
And hast in despight of Mahound, slaine my men in this stound:
But blessed euer may Mahound be, that sent thee hither vnto me,
For I will be auenged soone, for all the sorrow thou hast me done:
But blame not me Beuis verament, but blame him that thee hither sent.
Some said, he shall be slaine; and some, he should be quicke slaine:
Some said, draw him through the Citie; & some said hang him on a Tree.
Beuis he stood still and heard, of all their treason how it fard,
And said, sir King it is no reed, to iudge me a Dogs deed,
A Knight I am as well as you, therefore take you counsell now,
And grant me armour and steed, sword and speare good at need,
Sure helme and stalworth shield, and bring me faire into the field,
And arme your men lesse and more, sixtie thousand if they wore,
And let me dye in battell right, as is the manner of a Knight.
Then the Sarasins cryed all, and to the King gan they call,
They said, he will your men downe-fold, if you grant him battaile bold;
Grant him prison through your read, let him be there till he be dead,
For in your prison be Dragons two, and other Wormes many moe,
And were he vnto your prison brought, vnto noone liueth he nought.
Bring him thither they all said then, and not in field among your men.
Then spake King Bradmound, bring him downe vnto the ground,
For he shall die with much sorrow, all Christendom shall not him borrow
About Beuis they gan driue, as Bees doe about a Hiue.
When Beuis saw none other rest, then he began to doe his best,
With his sword he stood at defence, against them all in his presence.
Sir Beuis fought that it was wonder, till his sword burst in sunder:
Alas, said Beuis, and well away, now I want good Morglay.
But neuerthelesse good sir Beuis, brought to ground with his fists
Sixtie Sarasins to ground soone, after that his sword was done:
But euer they gathered moe and moe, and tooke Beuis with much woe.

And

And bound together his hands fast, that all his fingers on blond out brast
They led him strait into the Hall, and set him downe in a Knights stall.
A Knight him fed with meat and drink, whatsoeuer he would after think.
The King bad Beuis eat fast for this he said shall be thy last.
An hundred Saracins stood then, about Beuis with swords drawne,
In chance if his hands out brast, lest he should make them all agast.
When Beuis had eaten & made him glad, into the prison they did him lead.
When he was at the ground, Beuis hands they vnbound,
For they were sure and fast, that he should not make them agast.
In the prison when he came downe, there he found a short tronchowne.
In his hands the same he tooke, and saued his life so saith the Booke.
A water through the prison ran, that carried the filth from the man.
He had not bene there awhile, not the mountenance of a mile,
But two Dragons of much might, against sir Beuis came to fight.
Fast fought both he and they, all the night and all the day,
The two Dragons neuer staid, till they had Beuis wearie made,
But by the other day at noone, these two Dragons were for done.
His staffe was broken all away, but little in his hand did stay.
When these Dragons were dead, then could Beuis no better read,
But thanked Iesu that all shall win, of the care that he was in.
Seuen Winters he was there, meat he had some euermore,
But once a day, without lesse, of Wheat Bran he had but a Pesse,
For to length withall his life, in pouertie and in great strife:
Bread of Wheat eat he no more, but of Water he had store.
Rats and Mice, and such small cheare, was his meat that seuen yeare.
Thus is Beuis in prison ground, God bring him out whole and sound.

How Iosian demanded of her father for sir Beuis, and of the sorrow that she made.

SPeake we now of Iosian that Maid, vntaher father how she said:
Sir Beuis she said, where is he? full long me thinketh til I him se.
Daughter, said he, I vnderstand, that he is gone into England,
And liueth on his Heritage. he hath a wife of great Parentage,
A Kings daughter wedded hath he a Merchant iwis told it me.
Then was Iosian full woe, and to her Chamber gan she goe,
And wept sore for sir Beuis, and thought some treason here is:
There is no man can tell the sorrow, she made both euen and morrow.

How King *Iour* married faire *Ioſian*.

OF Mambrant the King called Iour, a rich King of great treaſure,
Is come faire Ioſian to wed, and of her father he him ſped,
That granted her to be his Wife, and his Land after his life,
When Ioſian heard ſhe ſhould be a quéene, againſt her will it was I wéene
She had leuer withouten leſſe, to haue béene ſir Beuis Counteſſe:
Neuertheleſſe ſith it is ſo, againſt her father ſhe durſt not doe.
Euer ſhe ſaid, ſir Beuis, the kind Knight of South-hamptonſh,
He would neuer me forſake, but ſome treaſon did it make:

I ſhall neuer vntrue be, as thou art, Beuis, vnto me.
I ſhall goe now and make a Writ, through ſome Clarke wiſe of wit,
That no man ſhall haue grace, while thoſe Letters be in place.
Againſt my will to lye me by, no; doe me ſhame no; villany.
She cauſed the Letters to be wrought, on the manner as ſhe thought,
And put it about her necke, ſo that no man ſhould her checke,

When

When it was to the time sped, that King Ioor should her wed,
He sent for many Noblemen, for the Soudan of Babylon then,
And for the Soudan of Perse, it is no time their names to descry,
And prayed them both with him to be, when he should wed that Lady free
When this feast should beginne, every Knight came from his Inne.
When the feast was all done, King Iour would nods be gone
With Iosian that Lady bright, that euer was true both day and night.
Iosian that was brought to him there, with much thought and great care.
King Ermine tooke Arundel also, and sadled him with him to goe,
And tooke with him good Morglay, and to King Iour gan he say:
Haue here I giue thee this sted, very strong and good at ned,
Haue here Morglay of stele browne both they were Beuis of Hamptown
King Iour thanked him then, and pricked forth before his men.
They were not fully at Mambrant, but the King said, by Termagant,
That he would into the Citie ride, on Arundel before his Bride.
On Arundel when he was brought, Arundel had in his thought,
That it was not sir Beuis, that on his backe did sit iwis:
He leaped ouer ditch and thorne, ouer bypar and ouer corne,
Would he neuer blin running, till he had cast downe the King:
So sore to ground he him cast, that his back bone all to brast,
And had not soone come succour, he had then slaine King Iour.
They tooke the horse with much sight, and led him to the Pallace right,
With great ropes they him bound, there was no meat before him found,
Neither oates nor water cleare, there he stood full seuen yeare:
But that Iosian him brought, and that will the King nought:
For his men could not him read, without warning to haue him dead.

IOsian is now Quéene, Beuis in prison is with much téne.
Beuis therein was forlorne, he cursed the time he was borne:
His haire hanged long and side, small and simple was his pride.
On a day Beuis would slepe, an Adder great on him did crepe,
And stinged him sore without lye, vpon his brow aboue his eye.
Beuis awaked, and lowd gan cry and said Iesu my Lord mercy,
This Adder hath bitten me sore, out of my life I would I were.
Helpe Lord and if it be thy will, and let me neuer in prison spill.
With that a Light come is, and appeared vnto Beuis:
This Light he saw by this sight, by which the Worme lost her sight,
And before him all to brast: Beuis saw it and reioyced fast.

Sir Beuis was feeble and faint, to Jesu Christ he made his complaint,
And vnto his Mother Mary rufully he began to cry:
Lord he said of Heauen King, that shaped me and euery thing,
What offence haue I done to thee, that hence thou wilt not helpe me?
The Sarasins doe me much woe, haue mercy on me Lord now,
And giue me grace Heauen to win, and get out of this prison I am in.
The two Keepers heard his complaint, how feeble he was, and how faint.
The one said, Hearest thou this fellow ne, how he still despiseth Mahound.
He weeneth that his God can him saue, and succour hee thinketh to haue,
But by Mahound it shall not gaine, I shall not rest till he be slaine:
And sodainly at that word, he let a Lampe downe by a Cord,
And said, come downe when I call, to helpe what euer me befall.
Then a sword he tooke by his side, and by the rope downe did glide,
And smote Beuis in that stound, that he felled him to the ground.
Lord, said Beuis, why dost thou so? now is my heart in full great woe,
Had I my sword good Morglay, and Arundel my good Palfray,
For all Damas with their treason, would I not care one button,
And now the most wretch of all, with one stroke doth make me fall;
Now I wish I were hanged, if I be not well reuenged.
Beuis with his fist smote so fast, that his necke he soone brast.
The other cryed that was aboue, and said, Fellow to him in loue,
Hast thou of me any need, that I may come thee to reed?
Yea, said Beuis, all for guile, come hither a little while,
For I must needs haue thy read, or that Beuis will be dead.
The other keeper no longer abode, but downe the rope he slode,
And saw Beuis whole and sound, and his fellow dead on the ground,
He would haue fled by in that tide, but Beuis said thou must abide.
Beuis with his fellowes brand smote asunder through Gods hand,
The rope aboue the Sarasins head, that to prison to his fellow he yéed,
Then was Beuis glad and faine, hist two keepers he had slaine,
A day he lay and nought did eate, he thought that life nothing swéete,
Yet was Beuis wont each day, while that he in prison lay.
Of wheat bran to haue a messe, therewith his hunger to redresse:
But when his Keepers were forgone, bread nor bran had he none.
That penance was full strong, he thought he lived all too long,
Jesu Christ sir Beuis said, helpe me now with a little bread,
The rope I may not reach, but if thou me shew or teach.
Too high he smote the rope asunder, if he it reach it were a wonder,

But

But by Gods might. Beuis skipped, he was full light,
And gat the rope in his hand, and came vp I vnderstand.
When he came vp he saw no light for it was about midnight.
But well he heard in the stable, Groomes sing and make great bable.
Vnto the stable doze he went and smote it open at a dint,
A doze Barre he tooke in his hand, and slue all that there he fand,
A good steed for him he brought, and sadled him well enough.
Beuis rode to the gate full euen, and called the poster with mild steuen,
Rise Poster anon he said Beuis of Hampton hath vs betrayde.
Soone after the gates were vnlockt, and with that Beuis out-leapt.
The Poster straight his way tooke, vnto the prison for to looke,
He found the Keepers slaine twis, but Beuis escaped is.
The Poster said by my troth, that same was Beuis that I let out.
The Poster went to the king and said, how that Beuis had him betraid,
And had slaine his kepers both the king therefore was wondrous wroth.
There were fiue kings in the pallace, that did him homage the story sates
To them Bradmound made his moane, then they armed them euery one,
A knight there was proud and fierce, men called him sir Granders,
An horse he had of much price, the which was called Trunchefice,
He was worth his weigt in gold he would run well vpon the mold,
Sir Granders was the first dight, on Trunchefice vp he light,
And rode after sir Beuis well he thought to win the prise,
When he was past Damas, he saw Beuis ride apace,
He said turne thee dogs whelpe, thy God shall thee nothing helpe.
Through thee I shall get renowne, if thou be Beuis of South-hamptown.
Then Beuis vnto him did say, it is no mastry me to slay.
For if that here I slaine bee, it is through hunger and not through thee:
But nevertheless we will assay how well thou wilt thy duties pay.
Beuis turned him full well and faire, they rode together with great aire,
Such a stroke he gaue Grandere, that through helme and harbert clere,
Heart & body he clone asunder, there helped no armor, that was wonder:
Right to the saddle, by head mine, he clove him downe like a Swine.
Beuis, Trunchefice soone bestrode, he left his owne, and forth he rode.
King Bradmound with all his hoast, came riding after with great boast,
And so fast followed they, that Beuis was driuen to the Sea: (slaine,
He said if I fight with so many again, for hunger and feblenesse I shal bee
Yet will I to the water flye twis and let God worke what his will is,
Then to be slaine among them all: helpe me Lord, for now I call.

Beuis made his horſe to ſkip, forth foot into the Sea he leapt,
The Sarasins ſaw, that after came, how the Horſe with him ſwam:
By the helpe of the Lord of might, the Horſe bare ouer that noble Knight
When he was the Water paſt, the Horſe him reſt, and ſhooke him faſt,
And for feblenelle in that ſtound, ſir Beuis fell vpon the ground:
Lord, ſaid Beuis, how hungry am I? if I were King of Armony,
I would giue it without read, for one ſhiuer of browne breed.

FOrth rode Beuis with great aire, till he came to a Caſtle faire,
A Lady ouer the Wall lay: Dame, ſaid Beuis, I thee pray,
For his loue that died on the Tree, one meales meat giue to me.
The Lady anſwered him tho, from my Gate I read thee goe,
Another place is better then here, for here thou getteſt cold Dinner,
For my Lord is a Gyant, and beleeueth in Mahound and Termagant,
And if he know thou be a Chriſtian, he will ſlay thee with much paine.
Alas, ſaid Beuis, and ſweze an oath whether he be leeue or loath,
Here will I meat eat, to die therefore but I it get.
The Lady was abaſhed withall, and went downe into the Hall,
And told her Lord that was ſo ſtout, how a man had ſworne without,
That he would eat there his fill, in deſpight of his good will.
Yea, ſaid the Gyant, will he ſo: a doze barre he tooke in his hand tho,
And out vnto Beuis he braide, and thus vnto him he ſaid:
What art thou fellow? art thou wiſe? where ſtoleſt thou Trunchefice?
That thou ſitteſt vpon there, he was my brothers, ſir Grandere,
God knoweth then ſaid Beuis, I ſhore ſir Granderes crowne itwis.
When we met laſt in battaile, I was his Prieſt withouten faile,
And if thou doe with me fight, I may thee ſlay in my right,
Alas ſaid the Giant for ſir Grandere, his death thou ſhalt abide full dere.
At ſir Beuis he ſmote full ſore, but of him he failed thore,
And hit Trunchefice in that ſtound, that he fell dead to the ground.
Beuis leapt off without reſpite, and at the Giant gan he ſmite,
Such a ſtroke was not ſtrucke with hand, ſince liued Oliuer & Rouland,
The Giant ſaw that Beuis was ſtrong, he drew out a dart ſharp elong,
Through Beuis ſhoulder he did it ſhoot, the bloud ran downe to his foot.
When ſir Beuis ſaw the blood fore ire and terne he waxed wood,
He ſmote the Giant then full till, with all his might and all his will,
And ſuch a ſtroke he him ſent, that helme and head from body went,
Breaſt and body he clone downe, with one ſtroke of his ſanchedwne.

Now

Now ſaid Beuis, by Mone and Sun, I trow my meat I haue well won.
Dame, ſaid Beuis, ſay no more, but giue me meat, I hunger ſore:
And thus much take thou of me, of meat and drinke no niggard be.
The Lady durſt not him withſtand, ſhe led Beuis in by the hand,
And ſerued him of bread and wine, and afterward of meates fine:
And of each Deſſe twis, ſhe brought vnto ſir Beuis,
He made her to eat firſt truly, leſt ſhe ſhould doe ſome villany,
And drinke firſt of the Wine, leſt ſhe ſhould put poyſon therein.

When Beuis had eaten enough, a white kerchiefe he forth drough.
And ſtopt there with the wound to ſtay the bleeding in that ſtound.
Then Beuis into the Stable yode, and ſadled him a goodly Steed,
There would he no longer abide he toke his horſe and forth did ride.
Then ſir Beuis on his way rode, till he came forth all abroad,
Vnto a faire greene place: Lord, ſaid Beuis, bleſſed be thy grace,
And now I wold that Bradmond King were here with me & all his ſpring
On this Greene men ſhould ſee, whether I would from him flye.

Forth

Forth rode Beuis by the ſtreame, till he came to Hieruſalem,
And to the Patriarch he went full ſwift, and of his ſinnes he him ſhrift:
Of Iosian to him he told the ſtrife, that by right ſhould haue bin his Wife.
The Patriarch for his great truth, wept for him, and thought great ruth.
He kept with him ſir Beuis, till he was ſound and whole iwis.
And forbad him on his life, that he ſhould neuer take any to Wife,
But were ſhe a Maiden cleane: yea ſaid Beuis, ſo I meane.
When it came vnto the night, Beuis tooke his leaue like a gentle knight.
On the morrow when it was day, Beuis rode forth on his way,
As he rode himſelfe alone he bethought whither to gone:
Whether ſhall I to England fare? nay what ſhould I doe there,
Vnleſſe I might an hoaſt gather, for to ſlay my ſtep-father?
I will he ſaid to Armony, to know the cauſe wherefore and why
That the King did this treaſon, for my ſeruice againſt all reaſon.
As Beuis rode forth on right, he ouertooke another knight,
That would goe forth to Armony, and Beuis bare him company.
As they rode, at the laſt, either beheld the other faſt,
And either then the other knew, for ſometime they were fellowes true,
Together they kiſſed, after that, he asked Beuis of his eſtate.
God knoweth ſaid Beuis and longh, I haue had ſorrow enough,
And ſuffered both hunger and colde, and other paines manifold,
Through the treaſon of king Ermine, ſ ſure I would requite his paine,
Were not his daughter Iosian, this day I would be his bane.
Iosian he ſaid is a wife, againſt her will with much ſtrife,
Seuen yeare it is by Termagant, ſithen King Iour of Mambrant,
Iosian in Mambrant did wed, both to board and eke to bed.
He hath the ſword good Morglay, and Arundell the good palfray.
Where is Mambrant, ſaid Beuis thore? ſir he ſaid it is ponder before,
To Mambrant ye cannot reach to day, but ſtay you muſt by the way,
Next day he rode forth certaine, till he came to Mambrant plaine.

MAmbrant is a rich Citie, faire and louely for to ſee.
When ſir Beuis of South-hamptown, came within this rich town,
With a Palmer there he met, full faire either other gan greet.
Palmer he ſaid where is the King? ſir he ſaid forth on hunting,
With many knights ſtout and keene. Palmer he ſaid where is the Queen
Sir he ſaid in her tower: Palmer he ſaid doe me ſome fauour,
Giue thou me thy weed, for my cloathing and for my ſteed.

Would God said the Palmer, that I had made that change Sir,
Beuis gaue to him his Steede, so that he might haue his weede.
Beuis went to the Castle Gate, many Palmers he found thereat.
Beuis said Brethren deere for what thing abide you here?
They answered him that there stood, we stand here for some good:
Beuis said who shall it doe, the Queene they said we hope so.
Good cheere shee doth here make, once a day for Gods sake.
For all that shee hath found here, euery day this seauen yeere,
This almes giueth she by my crown, for Beuis loue of South-hamptown
Then said Beuis for Christs lore tell me now yee Palmers poore,
When this Almes shall be done: Sir they said at after-noone,
Beuis said it is but earely day, he went from them anone away.
He thought he would goe spie and see, how that it might best be:
As he came vnder a Turret that neere vnto the Castle was set,
He heard Iosian weepe and crie, and thus lament full heauily.
Alas shee said for good Beuis, the gentle Knight of South-hamptowne is,
Alas shall I neuer see that day, that once with him speake I may?
Lord Iesu Christ that I take fill, helpe me when it is thy will.
Euery day for seauen yeere, Iosian that Lady faire,
Was wont much sorrow to make, for Beuis of Hamptons sake.
Anone shee start to the Gate thore, for to bring in the Palmers poore,
Beuis hied fast to the Gate, lest he should haue come too late,
The Palmers pressed in fast, Beuis abode and was last,
To the Hall shee led them euery one, and vnto Beuis said Iosian anone,
Thou art most welcome vnto me, for I desire to talke with thee,
Begin thou the Boord Palmer, and merrily goe to thy Dinner.
When the Palmers were all set, Meate and Drinke shee did them fet.
Then shee gan to Beuis say, tell me Palmer without delay,
Hast thou heard any man tell, in any Land where it befell,
Or in Field, or in Towne, of one Beuis of South-hamptowne?
I shall make them rich without leesing, that of him can tell any tyding:
Yes Dame said Beuis and laugh, Sir Beuis I know well inough,
At home in his Countrie, I am an Earle, and so is he,
And he loueth me as his Brother, and so we euer did eachother:
At home he gan me much to tell, of an Horse that hight Arundell.
I asked in many a Land, for that Horse I vnderstand,
And sought both farre and neere, and each man saith he is heere,
As you loue that same Knight, of that Horse let me haue a sight.

The Quéene then without Fable, led Beuis into the Stable,
The Quéene gan Beuis behold, and vnto Bon face ſhé told,
I trow ſaid ſhé by my Crowne, this is Beuis of South-hamptowne.
But Beuis beard was neuer ſhorne, ſince of his Mother he was borne.
When Beuis into the Stable came, anone to Arundell he ranne,
And ſaid Arundell God thé ſaue, without the Towne I would thé haue,
With thé I nere came to Mambrand, but with me thou ſholdſt to Englád
Arundell in ſunder burſt Chaines ſeuen, when he heard Sir Beuis ſteuen,
And forth he ran out of his place, and neighed and made great race,
Alas ſaid Iohan tho, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a Mans bane, or that he againe be tane.
Nay ſaid Beuis and lough, I can take him well inough.
If that you will giue me leaue, I ſhall take him I perceiue:
To tak the Horſe ſhé him prayed, and leade him vp the Lady ſaid,
That there be no more diſtance, for that I ſhall thé aduance.
I grant ſaid Beuis by Gods dome, when Arundell ſaw his Maſter come,
He would neuer ſtart nor leape, till Beuis on his backe did ſkip,
Beuis on Arundels backe him threw, and thereby Iohan him knew,
Oher ſaid Beuis loue déere, ride not from me in no manner,
Thou promiſeſt me to Wife to take, when I my falſe Gods did forſake.
Helpe Beuis at this néede, for thou now haſt Arundell thy ſtéede,
I ſhall fetch thy Sword Morglay, and then leade me with thé away,
Then ſaid Beuis, thou might me blame, it may turne me vnto ſhame,
I lay for thé in Priſon ſtrong, ſeuen Winters that was long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me neuer to take a Wife,
But ſhe were a Maiden cleane, and ſeuen yéere thou haſt béne a Quéen.
And euery night a Knight by thé, how ſhould thou a Maiden be?
Mercie Beuis then ſaid ſhé, haue me home to your Countrie,
If you find me not a true Woman, in all that you ſay can,
Send me hither to my foe, my ſelfe all naked and no moe.
I grant ſaid Beuis that you goe, on the couenant that it be ſo,
Hie you faſt and make you preſſe, and if with me goe you liſt:
Boniface ſtood ſtill beſide, and ſaid Sir it were beſt to abide,
Sir Beuis, he ſaid it is great perill, you ſhall be taught a better ſkill.
The King is gone on his playing, and ſone he will come from Hunting,
And if he find we be away, he will purſue vs night and day,
With all his great Chiualrie, of courage ſtout and hardie,
We ſhall be drawne through the towne, and hanged like a falſe fellowne.

Sir.

Sir Beuis I doe yée rede, Arundell to Stable yée leade,
And at the Gate you shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
He will aske you of tydings, where you haue bene and in what Lands,
Yée shall tell him readily, that yée came out of Surrey,
And that the Land was greatly noyed, townes be burnt & men destroyed,
And that King Bradwin is, in point to lose his Land iwis,
Through Syracke and his men, of Antioch that rich Citie then,
Looke yée tell none other, for King Bradwine is his brother.
And when he heareth this thing, he will goe thither with great hasting.
With all his power and all his hoast, then may we goe with little boast.
Now said Beuis I hold me apaid, he led vp the Horse as he said.
Soone after the King from Hunting, and of Beuis asked tiding,
And all him told Beuis those, as Boniface told him before.
I haue great wonder said King Iour, that he sendeth not for succour.
The messengers were taken said Beuis truely, and intreated full euilly,
That came from King Bradwine, for to bring yée tiding,
King Syracke hath them in hold, I trow Bradwines heart is cold.
Now said King Iour, I will hye me to that Iour,
With all my power to helpe my Brother, in his right against the other.
King Iour gathered a great companie, forth he went into Surrey,
But his Steward Sir Grassey, he left at home full strictly.
Then came together in that case, Beuis, Iosian, and Boniface.
Now it is time said Beuis to goe, nay said Boniface yée shall not doe so.
The Kings Steward, Sir Grassey, is made keeper of my Lady:
I know an Herbe said he iwis, that of such a vertue is,
All those that thereof drinke, it shall make their eyes to winke,
And make them sleepe through its might, all a day, and all a night:
Had Grassey drunke this Herb with Wine, then might we goe very fine.
When Boniface had done this thing, he rose vp without leasing.
On the morrow without en misse, Iosian, Boniface, and Beuis,
They them purueyed as they would, both of Siluer and of Gold,
They hyed them forthon their way: Sir Grassey awoke on the next day.
When he wist the Queen was with the Palmer gon, he made great mone,
He made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight,
And he rode forth all by derne, after the Palmer and the Queene;
All Mambrant after them drought, weaponed and armed well ynough.
On euery side with a great rout, they beset Beuis round about.
Then said Beuis to Boniface, thou seest we be in a strange case,

Thou shalt with her abide here still, while I goe fight with them my fill,
They shall abide if that I may, for I have rested many a day.
Had you never so good gaming, as you shall see when we are lamming.
Nay said Boniface vnto him tho, forsoth it shall not be so,
I shall bring you lesse in doubt, the Land is beset round about:
A little beside vs here, is a Caue in a Rocke nere,
Were we once therein brought, we need not care for them ought.
To the Caue they came at last, Grassey searched and ouer them past,
He went away where he came fro, with great care and much woe.
All night in that Caue they were, without Meate or Drinke there:
Iosian hungred on the morrow sore, and to Sir Beuis shee complained shore.
Beuis said to Boniface, keepe thou Iosian in this place,
For I will goe vpon this Hill, to see if I can ought kill,
That we may ouercome cast, for Iosian may ill fast.
Forth went Beuis in that stound, with him he had a good Grey-hound,
Now when Beuis was gone them fro, into the Caue came Lyons two,
Grinning and ramping with their feet, and both on Boniface they did leap
His Sword vnto him he drough, and Armed him well inough,
And gaue vnto them Battell right, but all to rude was his might,
For anone they him slew, and his Bones they all to gnew.
When they had eaten vp the Man, they went both to Iosian,
And layd their heads vpon her Arme, but they would doe her no Harme:
For it is the Lyons kind iwis, a Kings daughter that a Maide is,
Harme ne scath none to doe, therefore lay the Lyons so.
When Beuis came from hunting, in the Caue at the beginning,
As he went in for the nones, he saw a man gnawne to the bones.
Into the Caue then went he, to see what chance there might be.
Iosian sat in much doubt, and two Lyons her about.
Ah Sir, said Iosian tho, come take reuenge of these two,
For right now haue they slaine, Boniface my Chamberlaine:
The one Lyon will I hold, whiles ye make the other cold.
About the necke shee tooke the one, and Beuis bad let him alone,
I say Iosian let them goe fre, for I see well a Maiden ye bee:
What mastrie is it, them to sloe, in hands when ye hold them so?
Let them come to me both, or in soth I shall be wroth.
Shee let goe the Lyons without misse, and both they assayled Sir Beuis,
Strong and perilous was the fight, betweene the Lyons and the Knight,
They gaue him wounds long & wide, they tore his armor on euery side:

Beuis

Beuis thereat was fell an wroth, and at one ſtroke he ſlew them both.
For Boniface full woe was he, but when he ſaw no bote would be,
He toke vp Iosian that tide, and on his way forth gan ride.
They had not ridden but a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a Gyant, with a full furious ſemblant:
He was mightie and ſtrong, he was full thirtie fote long,
He was briſtled like a Sow, a fote there was betweene each brow,
His lips were great, they hung aſide, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide,

He was loathſome for to loke on, he was liker a Diuell then a Man,
His ſtaffe was a young Oake, he would giue a great ſtroake.
Beuis wondred at that ſight, and aſked him what he hight?
My name is Aſcapart, Sir Graſſey ſent me hither-ward,
For to bring you home againe, and now I am glad and faine
That I haue you here found, for together you ſhall be bound,
So ſhall you be led to Mantraine, with a ſorrowfull ſemblant.
Yet, ſaid Beuis, thou mayſt faile, by me thou mayſt die in battaile.

Off Arundell Beuis downe light, and betoke him to his Lady bright,
And Beuis with a bold heart, with Morglay aſſayle Aſcapart,
Betwixt them two was great fight, Sir Beuis was nimble and light.
And ſtart his dints fra, when Aſcapart him did throw,
If his heart would braſt, he could not one blow on Beuis faſt,
For if he had ſmitten Sir Beuis once, he would haue burſt all his bones.
Beuis ſkipped here and thore, and gaue him wounds wide and ſore,
Then Aſcapart was full woe, and ſmote at ſir Beuis tho,

He ſmote to hit Sir Beuis Crowne, his ſwte ſlipt and he fell downe,
And ere that he riſe might, Beuis with his Sword was dight,
To haue ſmitten off his Head, but Ioſian did it forbid.
Sir ſhee ſaid you ſhall him ſaue, and let him liue to be our ſlaue.
Dame he ſaid he will vs betray. I will be his Priеſt: ſhee ſaid nay.
Aſcapart did Beuis homage, and became Sir Beuis Page.
Then they went forth all three till they came vnto the Sea:
A Barke they found ready there, to Chriſtendome for to fare.

There

There were Saraſins great plentie, and venied Beuis therein to ſerue.
When Aſcapart heard of that, anone to him he toke his Bat.
He droue them out with much harme, and then Arundel vnder his arme,
With Beuis and Iolian to Ship he bare he drew vp ſaile & made good fare.
They ſailed forth ſouth to Saine, vnto the Hauen of Coleyne.
Beuis went into the Land, and ſome a friend there he fand,
The Biſhop of the Towne ſurely, to Sir Beuis was kinſman nie.
Beuis greet well the Biſhop bold, and what he was he him told.
The Biſhop was full well apaid, and to Sir Beuis welcome he ſaid:
No ſe you here I am not faine, my minde gaue me you were ſlaine.
Whence he ſaid is thy Lady ſheene? Sir, ſaid Beuis of heal thines a Queen:
For her I haue ſuffred much paine & ſhee would become a Chriſtian fain.
He ſaid what is this bad diſage? Sir ſaid Beuis he is my Page:
He muſt be Chriſtned alſo, though he be blacke and blo.
The Biſhop Chriſtned Iolian, that was as white as any Swan:
For Aſcapart was made a Font, and when he ſhould therein be put,
He lept ouer the Bench, and ſaid, out Charle will thou me drench?
The diuell of Hell thy bane be, I am to big to be Chriſtned by thee.
The folke had good game and lough, but the Biſhop was worth enough.

How *Beuis* ſlew a fierce and dreadfull Dragon in the Land of Coleyne.

NOw is Beuis in Coleyne Land, through the helpe of Chriſts hand,
There got he great renowne, by the ſlaying of a Dragon:
For when Lancelot Du-Lake, fought with the burning Drake,
Guy of Warwicke I vnderſtand, ſlew a Dragon in Coleyne Land:
But ſuch a Dragon was neuer ſeene, as Sir Beuis ſlew in Coleyne.
Beuis went to Bed at night, with much ioy and Torch-light,
And after his firſt ſléping, he heard a rufull crying:
The voice ſaid in his crie, Jeſu my Lord haue mercie,
I rot he ſaid Bone by Bone, my Death is comming me vpon.
Beuis therefore had great ſorrow, and aſked them on the morrow,
And ſaid what meant the crie? They anſwered and told him why,
They ſaid it was a gentle Knight, that was ſtrong and bold in fight,
As he rode through the Towne, he met with a fell Dragon,
That with his nowme on him throwne, the Knight had all to blowne.
Sir I ſhall tell you all the caſe, how the Dragon came to this place.
In the Land of Calabour men tell, where two Dragons great and fell,

Theſe

These two Dragons there did slay, for seuen yeare both night and day,
All that came both man and beast on euery side, East and West.
There was one in that Land that was full of Gods sond,
He made request to God aboue, that he would for his Fathers sone
Deliuer out by his holy grace, these two Dragons from that place:
Then these two Dragon's downe fell, and had no power there to dwell.
Then they flew to Tuskaine: many men there haue they slaine.
From Tuskaine into Lombardie, there they did great villanie.

The one Dragon by Gods dome, flew to the Court of Rome:
He there resteth his cursed bones, some lay in a Caue of stones;
Men say he is there yet, enclosed by Clarkes wit.
The other Dragon me vnderstand, flew hither into Colcyne Land,
Within a mile hence lyeth he, not farre distant from the Sea:
All Colcyne Land round about, haue of him great feare and doubt:
That Dragon was here this night, and hath destroyed the said Knight.
Lord Christ, said Beuis tho, may no man that Dragon slo?

Certaine

Certaine they ſaid without fable, all Chriſtendome is not for him able,
But if Michael come downe, can no man ſlay that Dragon.
Sir Beuis called Aſcapart him to, and aſked him what they ſhould doe:
Wilt thou, ſaid he, with me goe, for to ſée the Dragon we two?
By chance if we with him fight, we may him ſlay by Gods might.
I am readie, ſaid Aſcapart truely: haue done, anone let vs thither hie.
Beuis Armed him, and forth did ride, and Aſcapart went by his ſide.
When they were paſt the Citie, and were nére where he ſhould be,
The Dragon caſt vp ſuch a yell, as would haue feared the Diuell of hell.
Aſcapart ſaid with beanie cheare, heareſt thou what I doe heare?
Yes, ſaid Beuis, haue no doubt, the Dragon ſure is here about,
Boldly ſhall we to him goe, by Gods grace we ſhall him ſloe.
Beuis rode forth a good pace, whereas he trowed the Dragon was.
Surely, ſaid Aſcapart tho, I will homewards againe goe,
For I would not for all Paule, ſée the Diuell that made that crie. (feard:
What Diuel, ſaid Beuis? art thou mad? I thought nothing could thée haue
For ſhame wilt thou afraid be, of any thing ere thou it ſée?
Sir he ſaid with beanie cheare, I will him neither ſée nor heare.
Well, ſaid Beuis, wilt thou not ſo? I will him ſlay ere I goe.
Aſcapart further would nought: Beuis rode forth, and there fought.
The Dragon caſt vp a lowd crie, as it had thundred in the ſkie:
He turned his belly towards the Sunne, it was as big as any Tunne,
His ſcales was bright as the Glaſſe, and hard they were as any Braſſe.
Betwéene his ſhoulders and his taile, was forty foote without faile.
He weltred out of his Den, and Beuis pricked his ſtéede then.
And to him a Speare he ſo thruſt, that all to ſhiuers he it burſt.
The Dragon gan Beuis to aſſaile, and ſmote Sir Beuis with his taile,
Then downe went Horſe and man: two ribs of Beuis were bruiſed than.
Up ſtart Beuis with good will, and ran after the Dragon ſtill,
And good Morglay out braid, and on the Dragon faſt he laid:
But for no ſtroke that he did ſtrike, would his Morglay on him bite.
The Dragon was grieued ſore, and ſmote at Beuis more and more,
And gaue him many a wound, and felled him oft to the ground:
What for wearie, and what for faint, Sir Beuis was nére attaint (ward,
The Dragon followed on Beuis ſo hard, that as he would haue fled back-
There was a Well as I wéene, and he ſtumbled right therein.
Then was Beuis afraid and woe, leſt the Dragon ſhould him ſloe,
Or that he might away paſſe. When he in the Well was,

Then was the Well of ſuch vertue, through the might of Chriſt Jeſu,
For ſomtime dwelled in that Land, a Virgin full of Chriſts ſand,
That had bene Bathed in that Well, that euer after, as men tell,
Might no venomous Worme come therin, by the vertue of that Virgin,
Nor nigh it ſeuen fot and more. Then Beuis was glad therefore,
When he ſaw the Dragon fell, had no power to come to the Well:
Then was he glad without faile, and reſted a while for his auaile,
And dranke of the Water his fill: and then he leapt out of the Well,
And with Morglay his Brand, aſſayled the Dragon I vnderſtand:
On the Dragon he ſtruck ſo faſt, that where he hit, the Scales braſt.
The Dragon then fainted ſore, and caſt vp a Gallon more.
Out of his mouth of Venome ſtrong, and on Sir Beuis he it ſlong,
Which was ſo venomous iwis, that when it was on Sir Beuis,
His Armour burſt at that ſtound, and he fell dead on the ground,
There was no life in him ſene, he lay as a dead man on the grene,
The Dragon ſmote him without faile, that he turned top and taile,
But therefore he toke no kepe, he lay as a dead man aſlepe:
He ſmote Beuis as I you tell, till he ſmote him into the Well,
That was of ſo great vertue that time, for he would ſuffer no venime,
Through vertue of that Virgin, that once was Bathed therein.
When Beuis was at the ground, the Water made him whole and ſound,
And quenched all the venome away: this Well ſaued Beuis that day.
When he felt him whole and light, and knew that Well of ſo great might,
Then was he a ioyfull man, he was as freſh as when he began.
He knéeled downe in that place, to Jeſus Chriſt he called for grace,
That he would ſend him might, to ſlay the Dragon in fight.
Beuis bleſt him, and forth yode, and leapt out with heart full good,
And Beuis to the Dragon gan ris, and the Dragon to Sir Beuis.
Long and hard was the fight, betwixt the Dragon and the Knight,
But euer when Beuis was hurt ſore, he went to ẏ Well & waſht him thore,
He was as whole as any man, and euer as freſh as when he began.
The Dragon ſaw he might not auaile, beſide the Well to hold battaile,
He thought he would with ſome wile, out of that place Beuis beguile:
He would haue flowne then away, & Beuis leapt after with good Morglay,
And hit him vnder the wing, as he began to take his ſpring.
There he was tender without Scale, then Beuis thought to be his bale,
He ſmote after him as I you ſay, with his Sword good Morglay,
Vp to the Hilts Morglay yode, through Heart, Liuer, Bone and Blood.

To

To the ground fell the Dragon, great ioy then Sir Beuis began:
Under the Scales all on hight, he smote his Head off forth-right,
And put it vpon a Speare, and away he did it beare.
He went to Coleyne that tide, with great ioy and much pride.
When they of the Citie saw Beuis, come with the Dragons head iwis,
All the Bels they began to Ring, Priests and Clarkes then did sing,
And brought Beuis into the Towne, with great ioy and renowne.
Then was Beuis name in honour, euery man did him fauour.
In euery Land is now spred, Sir Beuis great praise and laud.
Glad was the Bishop tho, that Sir Beuis had borne him so.

BEuis did goe vpon a day, to the Bishop where he lay,
And said, what is your rede, Sir? I would goe to reuenge my father.
Of that wicked Fellon, that slew him by Treason,
If I might by any gin, my heritage againe to win:
And sir you are my Fathers Brother, and Sir Sabere is another,
Of you two I must haue Counsaile, for surely I will him assaile.
Sir, said the Bishop anone right, Sir Sabere is a doubtie Knight.
For euery yere on a day certaine, he fighteth thy Stepfather againe,
With a great Baronage, for to win the Heritage:
I will thee find at my costage, an hundred men, and pay them wage.
And goe to Sabere thy Uncle right, he lines now in the Ile of Wight.
Sir he said, I thanke you truely: but let these men be some ready,
Sir Beuis went then to Iosian, and toke his leaue of his Lemman,
And said, my Lady, I must goe, for to wreake me of my foe,
For to win into my hand, all my Heritage and my Land:
And here still shall you be, and Arcapart shall be with thee,
He shall haue as I wend, money enough for to spend.
Iosian saw it must be so, she kissed him, and he forth did goe.
Forth went Beuis with a rout, of hardie men, bold and stout,
That the Bishop him gaue: so long on the Sea they drane,
Till they came to a Towne, but two Mile from South-hamptowne,
Then said Beuis to them tho, Is there any man that will goe,
Unto Sir Murdure of Almaine, and say there is come an Almaine,
With doubtie men not farre distance, the best of the Realme of France,
And say we become into this Land, for we be giuen to vnderstand,
There should be great Warre and fight, betwene him & another Knight.
And we will helpe him in that stour, if he will lend my men Armour.

And if he will not doe ſo, to the other we will goe.
A Knight went forth on that meſſage, that Noble was of linage.
When he came to the Caſtle Gate, the Porter let him in thereat,
And to Sir Murdure was he led, he tould to him as Beuis ſaid,
Murdure then was hereof full faine, he roſe vp and went them againe,
And brought Sir Beuis into the Hall, and faire ſaluted them all.
Beuis was Sir Murdures Gueſt, that night he did him feaſt.
His owne Mother without leſing, made Sir Beuis great feaſting.
Murdure aſked what he hight, Gerrard he ſaid I you plight.
Gerrard he ſaid, iwis, this Counteſſe which here is,
An Earle had her ere I her wed, and gat a Child vp her in bed:
When the Earle to death was brought, the youth anone ware naught.
His Father was of Noble blood, and his Mother in all things good.
The Boye when he came to Age, ſold to me his heritage.
He ſpent his Siluer with much blame, and went out of the land for ſhame:
Now cõmeth his Uncle a hardy Knight, that dwelleth in the Ile of wight,
And challengeth his heritage, with a full bold Barronage:
And oftentimes with his great rout, deſtroyed my Land round about.
This is the cauſe Sir Gerrard that either Warre on other hard.
When Sir Murdure had all ſaid, Beuis ſate ſtill and was euill apaid,
And thought Lord whether ſhall I ſloe this falſe Traitor ere I goe?
No thought Beuis truely, it will turne to villany,
Then men might deeme by reaſon, that I ſlew him by Treaſon,
It would me blot with cowardiſe, if I him ſlay in this wiſe:
Therefore I will not aſſaile, I will him ſlay in plaine Battaile.
When Beuis a while had ſitten ſtill, Sir he ſaid, will you heare my will,
I haue hither companie brought, but in Armour be they nought:
They might not Armour leade, but it noyed them as they yeade.
And few Horſes iwis haue we, we left them for carrying beyond the Sea,
Lend me Horſe and Armour then, for to Harneſſe all my men:
And if you haue Shipping to, that we may to the Ile goe,
This night will I liue or die, on him that is your enemie.
And thus within a little while, you ſhall heare a quaint guile.
Sir Murdure did as he had, and the men with Armour clad,
And ordained him Shipping good, and brought them vnto the flood,
And forth they went all by night, vntill they came to the Ile of Wight.
Sabere out of the Caſtle lay, and heard much noyſe and great array,
And ſaw a Ship to land was dight, with many heads and helmes bright,

And

And had wonder what they were: but Beuis displayed his Banner there,
For to make glad Sir Sabere, of his Father Sir Guyes armere,
For many a time there before, were those Armes in battaile borne.
Sabere knew the Cognisance, and made then good semblance,
And said, certes I understand, that ponder is Beuis come now to Land.
Sabere went thither all in hast, where the Ship was made fast,
And welcomd Beuis with ioy and blisse, and either the other then did kisse,
And thanked God of his grace, that Beuis was come vnto that place.
Forth went Beuis and Sabere, with their men without feare.
Beuis told his Dame there, how he deceiued his Stepfather.
Beuis asked forthwith than, if that there were euer a man,
The which durst goe I wot, to South-hampton in a Boat,
And tell Sir Murdure this night, that it was not a French Knight,
Neither that he hight Gerrard, that made with him not forward:
But say, it was Beuis of renowne, right heire of South-hamptowne,
And say, the Countesse is my Dame, the diuel giue thē both much shame,
And say, he will auenged be, for slaying of his Father Sir Guy;
And who so for me will doe this, shall be well regarded twis.
Vp start a Knight with bold visage, which vndertooke the message,
And armed him forthwith full hot, and went soone into a Boat.
When he came to the other side, vnto the Castle straight he did ride,
And found Sir Murdure at his supper, with good semblant & mery cheare.
The Knight on his knés him set, and Sir Murdure faire then did he gret,
And said, Sir Murdure I doe bring vnto thée a certaine tiding,
That the Knight is not Gerrard, that to day with thée made that forward;
He hight Beuis of South-hampton, he is my Ladies owne Sonne:
I heard him so to Sabere speake, his Fathers death he will soone wreake,
And win he will his heritage, of them that hath done him outrage.
When Sir Murdure heard that word, he cast his Knife ouer the Board,
To haue smitten the messenger, but he failed as you may heare,
And smote his Sonne on his breast, that he neuer after spake with Priest:
Then rose there a noyse and crie, the messenger then forth did flie,
And thought not good to dwell there long, but out he leapt in the throng,
And smote his Horse with his Spurres, when he was without the dores.
Faire and well he gan him dight, till he came to the Ile of Wight,
And told Sir Beuis and Sir Sabere, how Murdure sitting at Supper,
His owne Sonne for ire he slew, Beuis had good game when he it knew,
And gaue the messenger without grudging, fortie Pound for his tiding.

How a Knight that hight *Miles*, came and wooed *Iosian*, and Wedded her againſt her will.

LEt vs of them be ſtill than, and ſpeake wel alw of Iosian,
That in Colaine dwelled ſtill, were ſhée had not all her will:
There dwelt a Knight that hight Miles, in the land of Colain that wiles:
On Iosian his loue he caſt, and wooed her wondrous faſt.
But all his ſpéech turned to nought, for nothing could change her thought.

The Earle was wroth in his maner, for Iosian made him in great danger
And in his Anger he downe him ſat, and to Iosian he ſpake words great:
I will haue of thée my will, wether it turne to good or ill.
Sir ſaid Iosian the worſt let be, I dread thée nought at all truely:
For if thou cauſe me to ſmart, I affie me in Aſcapart.
Certainely, quoth Earle Mile, I ſhall him by ſome manner beguile.
When he ſaw he might not ſpéde, vp he roſe and forth he yéde:
He made a Letter to be written right, on this manner it was dight,

From

From Beuis, as a Letter would, that Aſcapart come ſhould
Vnto a Caſtle in the Ile, lying from Coleyne but a Mile.
When Aſcapart heard that ſond, he toke his Bat in his hand,
And went forth with the meſſenger, in great haſte, till he came there.
When he was well within, the meſſenger knew a quaint gin,
Within he left Aſcapart, and locked the Gates to him hard:
He rowed himſelfe to Land againe, and told Sir Mile of the traine.
Then had the Earle no dread, but to Iolian againe he pred:
And ſaid, Lady make now mone, for Aſcapart is from thee gone,
In a Caſtle within the Sea, faſt locked ſure is he.
Then was ſhe full ill apaid, and to a meſſenger ſhe ſaid,
Goe then to Ship this darke night, and paſſe forth to the Ile of Wight,
And bid Sir Beuis for any thing, come to me without letting,
And he will haue me on liue, I pray thee goe to him blithe:
I ſhall thy reward well pay, doe thy errand without delay:
The meſſenger went forth away, there was no more then to ſay,
And Sir Mile ſone after then, came vnto faire Iolian:
And firſt he would haue lyen her by. Sir ſhe ſaid haue mercie.
For I haue ſworne by God truely, that no man ſhall lie me by,
Although therefore I loſe my life, vntill he Wed me to be his Wife:
If thou wilt me eſpouſe and Wed, thou ſhalt haue me to thy Bed,
Gladly my Lady then ſaid he, to Morrow ſhall we Wedded be:
He kiſſed her anone as his right, and ſent both for Baron and Knight,
That ſhould be of his companie, at the Wedding for to be:
For he would be Wedded priuily, the nert Morning very early.
On the morrow he forgot nought, but they to the Church were brought:
They early then began to Wed, both to board and eke to Bed.
When the Wedding was all done, by that it was high none,
Earles and Barons were ſone ſet, and rich meat was forth fet,
There lacked nought certainely, of rich meat and Minſtrelſie,
When it grew toward night, a rich Supper there was dight,
And afterward Sacrament, as the Lady to Chamber went,
Within her Bed when as ſhe was, the Earle came and did reioyce,
With Barons a great companie, and Poſſets made with Spiceric,
When they had drunken Wine: Sir, ſaid Iolian, and loue mine,
Let no Perſon here be, this Night to heare our priuitie,
Neither Knight Maiden, nor Swaine, my ſelfe ſhal be your Chamberlaine.
He ſaid, Lemman it ſhall be ſo, Pan and Paide he bad out goe:

He

He ſhut the doore well and faſt, and ſet him downe at the laſt.
To haue a Curtaine it was Law, before the Bed ſhe did it draw:
Then on a Girdle without lacing, ſhe made a knot riding:
About his Necke ſhe threw it thore, and ſtrangled him without more:
Then on a Beame ſhe hanged him hie, and let him hang for his folly,
The night paſſed in that wiſe, the Barons gan for to ariſe,
Some in hunting, & ſome to Church, and workmen roſe to goe to worke.
The halfeday paſſed without faile, the barons had of him much marualle
Some ſaid let him be ſtill, of Iofian he hath his will.
After when it drew to noone, a Baron ſpake then full ſoone:
I marualle how this may be, I will goe to the Chamber and ſée?
He ſmot the doore then ſo faſt, that open flew it at laſt:
Ariſe he ſaid Earle Mile, for thou haſt ſlept a great while,
Thy Head-aketh I wot well, haſt thou néede of a Candle?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, I vndertake, his Head ſhall neuer more ake:
I haue charmed him for that ſore, that his Head ſhall nere ake more:
For I haue vnknit the Wedding, pounder you may ſée him hanging:
He ſhall neuer Woman ſpill, doe with me whatſoeuer you will.
All they made great ſorrow: the next day on the morrow
She was iudged berament, in the fire for to be brent.
Without there was ſet Stake, and great fire they did make:
In the Caſtle lay Aſcapart, full beauie euer was his heart,
And had great wonder truely, what the fire ſhould ſignifie:
He thought in his heart then, Iofian ſome woe was in;
In the Caſtle where he was lockt, a Turret he had all to broke:
He was ſo woe and wood, that he lept into the Sea flood,
And faſt by him it chanced, that a Fiſher came that tide:
Then Aſcapart tooke his Boate in hand, & rowed himſelfe vnto the land,
Toward the folke he gan looke, Beuis came after and him ouer-tooke:
And ſaid thefe where haſt thou béene? & where haſt thou left my Quéene?
Sir Beuis Lord mercie he ſaid, the Earle Mile hath me betraid.
Towards the fire they hied them blithe, the Prieſt gan Iofian to ſhrine:
Chriſts bleſſing haue we among, for that he tarried by her ſo long.
When the fire was all readie, in her Smocke ſhe ſtood there by.
Right as they ſhould her burn, on Arundell Beuis gan ren,
And in his hand good Morglay, and Aſcapart went another way:
And all they that about her ſtood, Beuis feld to the ground,
There was neither Knight nor Swaine, that paſſed away vnſlaine.

And

And that made the falſe Earle Mile, for his Treaſon and his guile.
Beuis toke with him than, both Aſcapart and Iolian,
And went forth anone right, till he came to the Ile of Wight.
Sir Sabere welcommed with good heart, Beuis, Iolian, and Aſcapart.

How Sir *Beuis* and Sir *Sabere* his came, ſent their meſſengers farre and wide, for men of Armes, to ſuccour them in that tide againſt Sir *Murdure*, that held *Beuis* heritage by Treaſon, that was imagined by the wicked woman his Mother: and how in the field *Aſcapart* bare *Murdure* and his Horſe, maugre of all the hoaſt into the Caſtle, and how hee was ſodden to death in a Cauldron.

SAbere and Beuis ſent their ſond, wide about into every Land,
After right great Chiualrie, of ſtalworth Knights plentie,

That they might finde for them, both ſtout and hardy men,
They ſpared neither Siluer nor Gold, for the beſt men haue they would.
Beuis was courteous and free, to euery man in his degree.

There came Carles and Barons iwis, for to ſuccour Sir Beuis,
There came Knights, Squires & Pages each one had of him good wages,
And rich gifts more and leſſe, each man after his doughtineſſe:
Therefore each man him ſought: he toke and left what he beſt thought.
Euer he choſe of them the beſt, that he could find Eaſt or Weſt.
Sir Murdure much ſorrow made he, when he ſaw Beuis had ſuch a many,
The Counteſſe ſaid, dread yee nought, of good counſaile I am bethought,
Ye ſhall ſend forthwith certaine, after the power of Almaine,
Alſo ye ſhall ſend your ſond, after my Father into Scotland.
He will come to you readily, with a full great companie,
And we may haue many moe, out of England and Wales alſo,
Wherefore ſhould you dread than, when you haue ſo many men?
If Beuis ſée you haue this rout, he will flie away for doubt.
Sir Murdure did by her counſaile, the meſſenger went without faile,
That afterward without leſing to Hampton came Prince and King,
There came with the King of Scotland, the number of fiue thouſand,
There came out of Almaine, with Sir Moris of Maine
Foure thouſand with Helmes bright, all well Armed for to fight.
And Sir Murdure had alſo, three thouſand men and moe,
Now Lordings ſaid Sir Murdure, you that come me to ſuccour,
Often yée haue heard ſpeake parde, of the ſtrife betwéene Sabere and me,
And now to helpe him for to fight, is come Beuis a Noble Knight,
Euer I thought he had béene dead, what is therefore your beſt read?
He threatneth me for to be ſlaine, and that he will haue his Land againe,
A Gyant with him he hath brought, an earthly man ſéemeth be nought,
Neither of fleſh nor yet of fell, for he is like the Dineil of hell:
Men call him Aſcapart throughout, of him forſooth I haue great doubt,
But Lordings he ſaid Arme you wel, both with yron and eke with ſteele,
Though Aſcapart be ſtiffe and ſterke, many hands make light worke,
When his hoaſt was Armed and dight, they Sipped to the Ile of Wight,
And all the Ile was then be ſpred, with the power Sir Murdure led.
Sir Sabere looked out at a Towre, and ſaw the hoaſt of Sir Murdure,
And all haſtely downe did goe, for to tell Sir Beuis ſo.
And ſaid, Beuis now counſaile, I trow it would vs well anaile,
In this Caſtle to hold vs ſtill, and to defend vs from all ill,
For ſuch an Hoaſt as hath Murdure, ſaw I neuer in no ſtour,
Goe away Sabere ſaid Beuis tho, for if they had as many moe,
Againſt vs they haue no might: they haue the wrong and we the right,

Arms

Arme you all Beuis gan crie, then they made hast readily.
And ye shall haue Sir Sabere, three thousand vnder your Banner,
And Jas many will leade, of doubtie men good at nede,
For I will haue the fore-ward and then he said to Ascapart,
Thou shalt stay here truely, with three thousand men hardy.
When we haue medled a stound, and each brought other to ground,
And that the stour is most strong, hie thee thither and stay not long.
For three thousand of fresh men, good helpe will doe vs then.
Beuis then his Horne did blow, that all his men might him know,
By that blowing Sir Murdure, knew they gathered to the stour.
He said, Lordings without faile, now commeth our fo to battaile,
Be ye hardy and stout also, for we be as many moe.
Two Battailes did they make, the King of Scotland did one take,
Sir Murdure the other lad, either of them ten thousand had.
The first that out of the Castle came out, was Sir Beuis with his rout,
And Sabere with his companie, came after full bouldly,
Either Hoast gan other dese, and euery man made him ready.
Sir Moris of Vaine, rode fast Sir Sabere againe,
And Sabere met him so I wis, and such a stroke he gaue Sir Moris,
That quite away gan he cleaue, from the shoulder arme and sleeue,
Before the Preas went Sir Beuis, on euery side he slew wis,
There might none with him stand: that saw the King of Scotland,
He prested in with his rout, and beset Beuis round about,
Beuis then would not stay, but made rome with good Morglay,
He would by no meanes stint so, till he came the King vnto.
And such a stroke he him sent, that Horse and man to ground went,
But such succour came to him tho, at that time Sir Beuis did not him slee.
But ere that he was Horsed againe, many men Beuis had slaine.
Forth prested Beuis in the throng, on euery side downe he slong:
He neuer stinted in that stour, till he came to Sir Murdure.
Traitor he said with great enuy, turne thee now I thee defie.
When Murdure saw he was bested, he turnd his backe & would haue fled,
And Beuis smote after with good Morglay, but missed him there, wel away
From his backe the stroke fell down, and hit vpon the Saddle croppowne,
And smote asunder to the ground, Horse and Saddle both in that stound:
But there came hastily succour, and Horsed againe Sir Murdure.
Full stontly then did he abide, the people died on euery side.
Beuis rode forth and Arundell on euery side he did them fell:

Some lay bléding as a Swine, and ſome begin then to pine.
He ſome their Viſages did pare, that men might ſée their Teth bare,
There went none vnmarkt away, that he might hit with Morglay.
For ſo grieued was he, where he had one they had thrée.
But Beuis and Sabere bare them ſo, againſt one he ſlew two.
When the throng was thus ſmart, then forth came Aſcapart,
All on ſute I you ſwar, for there might no Horſe him beare:
He toke his Staffe into his hand, and ſlew all that nére he fand.
When Aſcapart came with his rout, then did Sir Murdure great doubt:
For he brought with him then, thrée thouſand freſh men,
And laid on on euery ſide, and ſlew all that would abide.
Great pittie men might haue ſéne, of the Murther that there had béne.
Fearefull they were of Aſcapart, for he ſmote ſo ſore and hard,
That thrée thouſand they might ſée, flye and Drowne them in the Sea.
Beuis called Aſcapart him tell, and ſaid fellow beare my ſkill.
Loke that you take good hérde, to him that rideth on the white ſtéde,
And beare him alone into the Towre, for that ſame is Murdure.
Yes ſaid Aſcapart tho, we ſhall Shrine him ere we goe,
Aſcapart with his Staffe, many their Deaths did he graffe:
With great ſtrength and much paine, he came to Sir Murdure of Almaine,
And all on Horſe as he ſate there, vnder his Arme he gan him beare,
Then began Murdures men to flie, to reſcue him he ſhould not die,
The King of Scotland with his rout, beſet Aſcapart round about.
And then Sir Beuis and Sir Sabere, came thither with their power,
And ſlew all that would ſtand, to the number of one thouſand,
And maugre if they had ſworne, Murdure was to the Caſtle borne.
The King of Scotland then did fret, when he ſaw Murdore to ẏ Caſtle ſet,
And all his men downe ſmitten, he turned his backe to haue flyen:
Then they would no longer abide, but ſlew them downe on euery ſide,
Sir Beuis and Sir Sabere, chaſed them with their power,
So faſt followed they, that many fled into the Sea.
And they that ſtood them againe, they were all maimed and ſlaine:
Some their ſhankes by the knée, and ſome were parted into thrée:
Some their Noſe, and ſome their Lips: the King of Scotland had a ſhip,
And fled away ſone by the Weſt, to the place that liked him beſt.
Beuis and Sabere turned againe, into the Caſtle glad and faine:
Sir Beuis without any let, made a Cauldron on fire be ſet,
Full of Pitch and Brimſtone, a worſe death was neuer none:

When

When the Cauldron boyled hard, Murdure was cast into the midward,
That death dyed he cruelly for the death of good Sir Guy.
Thereof heard the Countesse, that Sir Murdure dead was:
She stood aboue in a Towre, so woe she was for Sir Murdure,
She lept downe & brake her neck, I beshrew them that doe it wrecke.
When Sir Beuis the tiding heard, of his Mother how she fard.
As sorris was he for her, as he was for his Stepfather.
Home after good Sir Beuis, come to South-hampton is,
To take possession of his Lands, that had beene long out of his hands:
The Burgesses with much pride, to mete Sir Beuis forth gan ride,
And brought Sir Beuis faire and well, to Hampton to his owne Castle.
Of Hampton all the Baronage, came and did Beuis homage.
Then was Beuis glad and faine, that he had his enemies slaine.
Then Beuis the soth to saine, sent to the Bishop of Coleyne.
That he would not for any thing, but haue him at his Wedding.
When he was thither come, two Knights toke Iosian anone,
To Church then they her led, the Bishop himselfe on the Booke read.
And vnto Beuis she was Wedded blithe, vnto the ending of their life.
Now hath Beuis recouered his state, two Children on her he gat,
The first Night together they lay: afterward I to you say
Sabere counsailed him there, to goe to London to King Edgare,
To make him Homage as reason would, or his lands he challenge & hold,
Sir Beuis did after his counsailing, and went forth before the King,
And proffered to doe him Homage, as it pertained to his heritage.
King Edgare asked what he hight, and what he claimed for his right.
Sir he said my name is Beuis, the Earldome of South-hamton mine is,
After my Father Sir Guy, that was slaine for his Lady,
By Sir Murdure of Almaine, and thanked be God he is slaine.
Beuis said the King I hold me paid, I grant that thou now hast said,
The King his Marshall called he hand, and said deliuer me thy wand:
For Guy his Father was my Marshal, and Sir Beuis his Son so he shall
The wand to Beuis the King taketh, and his Marshall, him maketh.
Beuis is now of great might, beloued both of King and Knight:
Each man both Earle and Baron, loued and dread Beuis of Hampton,
For largely would he spend, and Gifts both giue and send.
To euery man after his estate, no man had cause him to hate.
He was so courteous and so kind, that euery man was his friend.
Saue Sir Brian of Cornewale, he hated Beuis without faile.

For Beuis had thoſe Offices, that ſometime were his.
In Summer at Whitſuntide, when Knights on Horſe-backe ride.
A courſe they made vpon a day, Steeds and Palfreyes to aſſay.
Which Horſe that beſt did runne, three Mile the courſe was then,
He that beſt ride could, ſhould haue fortie pound of Gold.
Sir Beuis was apayed well, for he truſted in Arundell.
On the Morrow when it was light, thither came both Baron & Knight.
With faire Steedes and much pride, that in that courſe would ride,
Two Knights were ſtollen before, a large halfe Mile and more.
That none of their fellowes wote, Beuis with his Spurs ſmote
On Arundell ſo faith the Booke, and amid the way he them ore tooke,
He rode the courſe in a while, or they had thought he had rid two Mile.
Now hath Beuis the Price won, through Arundell that well did run.
Wherefore with that and other Cattell, he made the Caſtle of Arundell,
The Horſe was praiſed in that place, for both ſwift and luſtie he was.
The Kings Sonne and heyre, thought the Horſe good and faire.
And to Beuis then he hied, and prayed him to haue his Steede.
No ſaid Beuis for no Gold, but aſke elſe what you would.
At your will you ſhall it haue, but Arundell doe you not craue.
For any Prayer you can pray, my Steede I will not giue away.
The Kings Sonne when he it ſaw, that his minde he could not draw.
Without any more fable, he went vnto Sir Beuis ſtable,
He went the Horſe for to vntie, and when he came ſomewhat nie,
And Arundell alſo was hot, with his hinder foote him he ſmote.
That he drone out his Braine, that he lay there dead ſlaine.
There was dole and much weeping, when tidings came to the King.
Forthwith the King berament, made to be cald his Parliament.
And began for to ordaine, that Sir Beuis ſhould be ſlaine.
And be drawne with wild beaſts, his Barons would not his heaſts,
They ſaid that were no ſkill, but Arundell ſhould be at his will,
For he ſlew thy Sonne ſo, but nought to Beuis may we doe.
Nay ſaid Beuis for no Caſtle, would I let ſlay Arundell.
For he is good euery where, yet had I rather the Land forſweare.
Then Sir Beuis of Cornewale ſaid, this is my counſell and reade,
That ye doe one of the two, I aſſent ſaid Beuis tho.
Before you all I giue here, my heritage to Sir Sabere.
Sir Beuis deliuered vp the wand, and there he forſwore England:
A fortnight had he reſpite, for to ſpend all in delight.

But

But if it after might be found, he should be taken and fast bound.
On this manner they were at one, and to Hampton he rode anone,
And there he told his frinds thore, of the case both lesse and more,
It is no boot for vs to mourne, for we may no longer here soiourne.
Beuis and Iosian made all ready, and tooke their leaue for to Ferrie.
Saberes Sonne, that hight Terry Beuis tooke with him for companie,
And Ascapart that false theefe, and through him he had much griefe.
He thought here I doe dwell, and get nothing but trauaile.
But if I might by Termagant, bring Iosian to Pambrant,
I should be welcome the King vntill, and haue Treasure at my will.
This Ascapart false was he, for Beuis was fallen into pouertie.
When a man doth into pouertie fall, few friends mate he withall.

How *Beuis* and faire *Iosian* tooke their way into a strange Land, and how shee trauailed in a Forrest, and was deliuered of two Children, and how *Ascapart* that false fellon, after her deliuerance, came and bare her away, and after that how *Beuis* came to a great Iusting and Turnament and wonne the Price.

NOwe Beuis & Iosian forth gan ride, til they came to a Forrest side,
And Iosian that was so milde, in that Wood trauailed with Child,
Beuis and Terry down gan light, & with their swords a lodge they dight.
And brought faire Iosian therein, for they could no better ginne.
Sir Beuis gan his seruice proffer, for to helpe her he did offer.
She thanked him and said nay, for Gods loue hence away.
Goe and play you with Terry, and let me alone and our Lady.
There shall neuer Womans priuitie, to man be shewed for me.
Beuis and Terry went forth there, for they would not her paine heare.
And Ascapart tooke another way, not farre off he ment to stay.
After that Beuis was gone her fro, she was deliuered of Children two.
When Ascapart heard that case, that Iosian deliuered was,
To the Lodge he went there, and Iosian away did beare.
There might no prayers her borrow, I wonder she died not with sorrow.
For he swore by Termagant, he would leade her to Pambrant.
When Beuis had long tarried, againe to the Lodge he him hied.
In the Lodge found he no moe, but onely young Children two.
Then wist he not what to say, when he saw Iosian was away.
Alas then said Sir Beuis, Ascapart hath done Treason iwis,
Sir Beuis fell downe in a Trance, and Sir Terry did him vphance.
When Beuis saw no better it would be, a rich mantle then tooke he,

And

And lapped the two Children in, for they were ſome deale of his kin,
No longer then would he abide, he tooke his Children and forth did ride.
A foſter in the Wood he met, Sir Beuis him ſaluted and did him greete.
Sir ſaid Beuis to him than, ſaweſt thou ought of ſuch a man
Lead a woman by any way, Sir ſaid the foſter nay,
Of what profeſſion art thou Batcheler? Sir ſaid he I am foſter.
Wilt thou ſaid Beuis ſo Chriſt the ſhield, Chriſten here a heathen child,
But right now it was borne, to ſome it hath the Mother forlorne.

And kepe it but this ſeuen yere, for ten Marke, haue it here.
Gladly ſaid the foſter tho, he tooke the Child and the Siluer alſo.
And ſaid, what ſhal I call him ſir Knight, Guy he ſaid, as my father hight.
And when it was full ſeuen yere, of each Land doe thou enquire,
After Beuis of Hamptowne, my Name is ſo by my Crowne.
And bring the Child vnto me, and well rewarded ſhalt thou be.
Gladly Sir he ſaid it wis, he went his way and Beuis his.
For they rode faith the Booke, and another man they ouer-tooke,

And

And asked what man was he, he said a Fisher of the Sea.
And Beuis with good semblant, made with him the same couenant,
That he should on this manner his other Sonne kepe for seuen yere.
The Fisher granted as Beuis said, he toke the Child and was wel apaid.
After himselfe in that while, he Christned the Child and hight it Mile,
Forth rode Beuis by Dale and Downe, till he came to a Market-towne:
He toke his Inne as a courteous Knight & fast to Supper he him dight.
At a Window Beuis loked out, he saw in the stretes all about,
Steds trapped faire and bright, Dukes, Earles, and many a Knight.
Out of the Windowes on euery side, Armes were hanged faire and wide.
Heralds gan the Armes sone discrie, and therof Beuis marualled greatly.
And asked the Hoast therof tiding Sir he said heard ye nothing?
Of the great Justing that shall be, to morrow in this Citie?
The Dukes daughter and heire she is a Maiden bright and faire.
Her Father is now nere dead therefore it is giuen her to read,
A great Justing for to trie, and he that hath the masterie
Shall his Maide haue to Wed, and his Land to guide and lead.
Now said Beuis to Terry shall we Just for the Lady?
Yes said Terry what should we else, if it be so as he vs tels.
Beuis gaue the man for his tiding forthwith a faire shilling.
On the Morrow when it was day light, then rose both Baron & Knight.
Faire tokens they gan on them throw, whereby the Lady should them
Sir Beuis bare in colours of Paint, a red Lyon of Gold rampant, (know.
So forth rode Terry and he, to the Justing where it should be.
The faire Lady Elinor, ouer the Castle lay that houre,
And the Justing she beheld, to see who did best in field.
Then the Knights began to ride, each to other on euery side.
And Beuis rode first againe, the Emperours Sonne of Almaine.
To him Beuis bare so fast, that Horse and Man to ground he cast.
The Earle of Florence stoutly than, against Beuis in hast ranne,
And Beuis met him in the field, and hit him amid the shield,
That two yards broad and more, he cast him from his Horse there,
Then came forth Duke Anthonie, who was Duke of Burgonie.
He was strong and of great price, and thus he said to Sir Beuis.
Turne thee here and make defence, I will auenge the Earle Florence.
Then Beuis would no longer abide, but smote Arundell vnder the side.
Each to other then so drove, that their Speares all to roue.
But Sir Beuis so hard him thrust, that his Shoulder-bone he burst.

Therefore he was grieued sore, for that he might Just no more.
And then rode forth Sir Terrie, to the Kings Brother of Hungarie.
And gaue him such a rebowne, that Horse and man fell downe,
Then came the Earle Hamant, and to Terrie made his assent.
Terrie hit him amidst the Shield, and bare him quite into the field,
There was no Knight verily, that might Just with Beuis and Terrie,
Full warily the other fought, but Sir Beuis spared them nought.
The Steward of that Land, Sir Beuis cast on the Sand,
And that reioyst faire Elinor, for the boast he made before.
And many Beuis bare throughout, so that they stood in great doubt.
They stinted not till it was night, that they wanted the day light,
Then they ceased their Tilting, on the Morrow they heard tiding,
That all the praise and renowne, was giuen to Beuis of Hamptowne.
Dame Elinor would not blin, till Beuis came the Court within.
Shée said Sir by my counsaile, you shall me Wed without faile,
Each to other for tearme of life. Nay said Beuis I haue a Wife,
He told how shée was taken away, through Treason I you say.
And for her he was full woe, now shée said sith it is so,
You shall all this seuen yéere, be my Lord in cleane manner,
And if you find her not by than, I will thée haue before any man.
And the next to thée truely, is this good Knight Sir Terrie.
And if this may stand thée in stead, I grant said Beuis to this déede.
And thus was he her Gouernour, and led the land in great honour.
As Sabere slept in his Bed he Dreamed that Beuis was ill be sted.
Through Ascapart his Swaine, fearing he had Sir Beuis slaine.
When he awaked his heart was cold, his Dreame to his Wife he told,
Sir shée said as I wæne, Beuis is brought into some téene,
For as I trow by my life, he hath lost either Child or Wife,
Through Ascapart that false théefe, surely Beuis is in some griefe,
I shall him séeke said Sabere, twelue Knights he did attire.
In Palmers wéedes then anone, they were cloathed euery one,
Upon Armour sure and well, made of Iron and of Stéele
Forth they went more and lesse, till they came to heathenesse.
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant, shée then began to lament.
Shée met Sabere in the visage, and said Palmer in her language,
I pray thée of succour and reade, vnlesse you helpe I am but dead,
Certes Iosian said Sabere, it liketh me well that you be here,
For of you Madame verament, I shall make Beuis a present,

He was agrieued at Aſcapart, and aſſailed him full hard.
They him beſet on euery ſide, but none could his dints abide.
From his ſtrokes they all ſhon, and againe as knights anone
They ſtroke ſharpe and ſore, ſometimes here and ſometimes there.
And as he ſmote after a knight, Sabere ran to him full right,
And with his ſword without doubt he thruſt Aſcapart throughout.
That he fell dead to the ground glad was Iosian in that ſtound,
Sir Sabere toke Iosian than, that was as white as any Swan,
Her body that was faire and bright, he with an oyntment all bedight.
And made her Yellow and Grene that before was faire and ſhene.
That no man ſhould her know, therefore he diſcoloured her ſo.
For Sir Beuis they then ſought, but tidings of him heard they nought.
That will be found, found will be: on a day they came into the Citie,
And led Iosian to her Inne, and he went forth ſome meate to win.
As Sabere went by the Caſtle Gate, he met his Sonne Terrie thereat.
He prayed him in the honour of God, that he would giue him ſome good.
Terrie then beheld him as blinde, and ſaid Palmer as I may thriue,
There ſhall no meate forthee be to dere, thou art like my Father Sabere.
Sabere ſaid he, by Gods grace, ſo by my Mother ſaid I was,
When Terrie ſaw that it was he, he embraced him with heart frée.
And kiſſed him, and aſked Father, what hath made you come hether?
Sabere ſaid, Sonne thou ſhalt ſée, what thing I haue brought with me.
Forth they went without feare, till they came to the Inne of Sabere,
Then Sabere with good intent, off Iosian waſhed the oyntment,
Faire and well they her dight, and brought her to the Caſtle right,
And toke her then to Beuis hand, ther was not ſo welcome a preſent in the land,
There came the Fiſher and the Foſter, with two Children cleare.
For they held Beuis couenant right, and he made each of them a Knight.
And then Wedded good Sir Terrie, of that Land to the faire Lady.
There was a great feaſt twis, on euery ſide was ioy and bliſſe.

HEre beginneth a new tiding, of King Iour and Ermine King.
Betwéene them they Battaile make, and all was for Iosians ſake.
A Palmer told Beuis thereof tiding, and Sir Beuis, all hying,
Sent after men of Chiualrie, doughtie Knights and full hardie.
That he had knowne long before, and all they to him ſwore,
When Beuis had gathered his companie, he toke his leaue of Sir Terrie.
And Terrie proffered with him to goe; but Beuis ſaid it ſhould not be ſo.

Sabere thy Father ſhall wend with me, if I haue néd I will ſend for thée,
Guy and Miles to Horſe gan dight, with ſtalworth ſwords for to fight.
And Beuis with all his compaine, went forth to Armonie.
Of his comming the King was blith, and reioyced an hundreth ſith.
And ſaid if thou wilt forgiue me, I will be Chriſtned for loue of thee.
On that couenant he gaue a kiſſe, that they might be accorded twis,
Then without any other dome, Beuis ſent to the Biſhop of Rome.
That he ſhould ſend a Clarke good, Sabere them Biſhopped or he yode.
That they might with cléare Cleargie, Chriſten the Land of Armonie.
For the Kings grant they had, the Biſhop it heard and he was glad.
And hath ſent after his ſaw Clarkes that were wiſe in the Law.
They Chriſtned Ermine with their hand e then all the people of the Land.
In many places Beuis gan worth, Chappels, and built many a Church.
So was the land of Armonie, through Beuis Chriſtned truely.
King Iour heard of this ſand, that Beuis was come into the Land.
A great Hoaſt made he tho, twentie thouſand Saraſins and moe,
And to Armonie went he then, and there began to rob and bren.
When Beuis heard that he was come, a great Hoaſt he prouided anone,
And rode King Iour againe, with all his power, might and maine,
It was a faire ſight for them that beheld when both parties met in the field.
She field ſhone wondrous light, with baſſenets that were bright.
But ſone after they were other, when both the Hoaſts fought together.
On both parts the Romanes faies, they ſhot Arrowes with bow turkeyes
With Halberts and Wils they did fight, as long as either ſtand might.
And Arrowes were there ſo plentie, one Hoaſt could hardly another ſée.
With ſwords bright that well could bite, each man gan other ſmite.
While they handled both the ſame, there was earneſt and no game.
And Beuis with Morglay ſtirred ſo, that all he hit he ſmote in two.
The Saraſins gan Beuis to defie, and came thicke about him readily.
There with he was well apaid, and as they came he downe them laid.
So many he ſlew in that fight, that to his Stirrop they lay vpright.
He rode forth when he them left, and there he ſlew as many eft.
Sabere his eame though he was old, he ſhewed he was ſtrong and bold.
He ſlew before him ten and twaine, till he came to the King himſelfe.
And then maugre of Mahound he bare the King downe to the ground.
The Saraſins followed on a heape, to King Iour gan they leape,
And with force horſed him againe, and all at once on Sabere they laine.
Beuis ſaw Sabere was in doubt, he preſſed forth among the rout.

And

And resened him in that stour, and himselfe rode to King Iour,
And led him forth all with force, then betooke Sir Sabere his Horse.
Into the Towne they did him bring, and presented Iour vnto the King,
Sabere led him on full quicke, the Sarasins followed full thicke.
But such strokes gaue Beuis, that King Iour away led is.
For any thing they might doe, and when they saw that it was so.
They would no longer there abide, Beuis and his men did after ride.
And made on them so hard a chase, that two thousand slaine there was,
Many a dead Knight in that field, were seene dead vnder their shield.
And many a Sarasin that day, with deaths wound went away:
Many Steeds men might see, without Masters away flie,
And Sarasins men might heare, curse Mahound they had such feare,
When they had made that chase, they returned with great solace.
And Sir Beuis right anone, made cast King Iour into Prison.
Then King Iour Beuis prayed, that his Ransome might be paied.
And for a Ransome giue he would, twentie Tunnes of red Gold,
And three hundred Bals of Silke, as many Steeds as white as Milke.
Also three hundred Cups of Gold fine, and as many of Musculine,
All this Ransome I shall thee giue, if thou now wilt let me liue.
Let thy seruant said Beuis it bring, and I will saue thy life Sir King.
For so much I dread not thee, but for this Treasure thou shalt goe free.
Then was King Iour full faine, and sent to his Chamberlaine,
And he brought it without delay, and for his King he did it pay.

OF King Iour let we be, and of King Ermine speake we,
That should passe out of this life, and sent after his Sonne bliue.
For Guy Sir Beuis eldest Sonne, vpon his head he set the Crowne.
And made him King of Armonie, and soone after full shortly
Died King Ermine the best, in heauen might his soule rest,
Vnto Sir Beuis came Sabere, and tooke his leaue home to fare.
To England would he goe bliue, to his Children and his Wife,
Beuis bad him tarrie verament, Sabere would not but home went.
Now is King Iour in Mambrant, and doth sweare by Termagant,
That he would him well aduance, that might by any chance
Steale Arundell with some Treason, from Sir Beuis of South-hampton.
For if we Arundell could steale, I trow men might with Beuis deale.
There was a theese hight Robyan, a quaint Knaue and false felon.
He tooke on him the masterie, and went forth to Armonie.

With his Charmes and his Craft, of Arundell Beuis he bereft,
And brought him into the Towne, and preſented him to King Iour,
Then was he well apaid, that Beuis was thus betraide.
Woe was Beuis ſoth to ſay, when he miſſed Arundell away.
As Sabere ſlept at night tide, he thought he ſaw Beuis ride.
And Arundell downe him caſt, that two of his Ribs were braſt:
When he awaked he was afraid, vnto his Wife the dreame he ſaid,
Sir, ſaid ſhe, ye doe wrong, ye dwell from Beuis all too long:
By him that was of Marie borne, I trow his Horſe he hath forlorne.
Then Sabere for Beuis ſake, Staffe and Scrip began to take:
He went forth with good ſemblant, vntill he came to Mambrant,
Thither he went for to ſpie, and left the land of Armonie.
Sir Sabere came by a Riuer, where men did Beaſts water.
Where he ſaw as he abode, on Arundell how Robion rode:
Sabere ſaid by my thinking, true is now my dreaming:
Fellow he ſaid heare thou my Rede, that ſame is a faire Stede,
He is well dreſſed without doubt, good fellow turne thee about.
And as he turned there, vp behind leapt Sir Sabere,
And ſlew the theefe Robion, with the end of his Truncheon:
He would no longer there abide, the Saraſins forth ran that tide,
And to the King they did tell, how one had gotten Arundell.
Then roſe the crie in the Citie, that men ſhould after him hie:
They rode after faſt in band, to the number of a thouſand,
And full narrowly him beſet, Iofian ſtood in a Turret:
All the Skirmiſh beheld ſhe well, and one riding on Arundell:
Vnto the Hallishe hyed downe, and ſaid Sir without the Towne
Commeth one riding on your Stede, and ſurely he is in great dread:
He is beſet without doubt, with men of Armes a great rout.
Jeſus ſaid Beuis a while him ſaue, and ſuccour ſhall he ſome haue.
Then to Horſe went Sir Guy, his Brother Miles and Sir Terrie,
And eke Sir Beuis hyed he, with all the Knights of the Citie:
He hyed him faſt in that ſtour, and brought Sabere good ſuccour.
And ſlew the Saraſins downe right, that none from them ſcape might.
Good game there was to be ſeene, how they lay ſprawling on the Greene.

TIdings came to King Iour, that his men were ſlaine in that ſtour:
He made to ſend haſtily, after his Brother King of Surrie,
And told him how his men were dead, & aſked his counſaile and read.

I

I shall thée tell quoth Bradwin, thou art holden a Noble Sarasin
In Pauie or in heathenesse, is none to thée for doughtinesse:
Therefore I counsaile you so, yée end the Battaile betwéene you two.
And make readie the Fachowne, and make Sacrifice to Mahound,
That he may send thée the vpper hand: and then as I well vnderstand
Thou wilt a Conquerour be, and we will wend all with thée,
And stand with thée we will the while, and helpe thée in all thy perill.
Now said Iour I assent, and then spéedily forth they went,
And made Mahound sacrifice with all the Sarasins that were wise:
And they prayed without misse, their King might be saued from Beuis.
When the King had so done, to Arme him he went full soone:
And went forth to Armonie, with thrée thousand men right hardie.
Soone had Beuis tidings then, of King Iour and his men:
He tooke with him his Sonnes two, Sabere and Terrie and other moe,
And rode King Iour againe, when Iour saw Beuis, he was faine:
And said, Beuis I vnderstand, wherefore yée came into this Land:
First yée bereft my men of life, after deceiued me of my Wife,
Therefore I haue taken counsaile, betwéene vs two to end the Battaile:
If thou me slay by Termagant, I grant to thée the Land of Mambrant,
And if I slay thée manfully, wilt thou grant me the Land of Armonie?
Beuis granted as he would, and vndertooke the Battaile bold.
Into a place they gan ride, inclosed with Water on euery side:
They drew their Swords hastily, and rode together with great enuie
Their shields were bruised ẏ they bare, their Helms crased their browes
Then they sought another way, and Beuis hit Iour with Morglay, (tare,
That his Helme he did downe pare, there men might sée his head bare,
And a quarter of his Shield, fell downe also into the field:
Horse and man he down gan driue, and both fell to the ground that bliue.
Vp leapt King Iour and stood, and cried on Mahound as he were wood:
And smote at Beuis with his Fachon, then Beuis off Arundell lighted down
And right as Beuis was down lighting, Iour he smote without léesing,
Aboue Sir Beuis Helme on hye, that the Crest downe did lye,
And bruised the Helme in sunder, Sir Beuis knéeled & that was wonder.
Sir Beuis then was grieued sore, vp he leapt without any more,
And gaue King Iour such a clout, that he neuer rose without doubt.
The Sarasins were wo that stound, when they saw their King on ground
That he could neither rise nor goe, therfore they were full sorrie and woe:
The other people would haue fled, Guy and Miles in that sted,

Slew

Slew them more and leſſe, or they might the Water paſſe:
And ſome they drencht in the flood, there was few quicke away yood.
Sir Beuis then with Policie, toke King Iours Armorie,
And made them it on him throw, that no man might from Iour him know
A greater power with him went, then came from the Citie of Pambrant.
When they within the Towre, ſaw the comming of King Iour,
All they were glad and faine, and opened the Gates againe:
And Beuis into the Citie gan ride, with great ioy and much pride:
And through that quaint gin, that rich Citie he did win,
And made them all become his men, and did him homage then:
And then curſed their Mawmetrie, and beleeued in God verily,
And he that would not doe ſo, immediately he did him ſlee.

NOw is Beuis King of that land, that ſomtime King Iour had in hand
Iosian that was bright and ſheene, twiſe thereof hath beene Queene.
Beuis and Sabere upon a day with Hawkes and Hounds went to play:
As they came by a Riuer, ſone they ſpied a meſſenger.
He aſked them after a Knight, that Sir Sabere was by right.
Anon Sir Sabere gan forth ſpring, and ſaid, meſſenger what tiding?
Sir he ſaid, Edgare our King, through his ſtewards counſailing,
He hath diſinherited thine heyre, certes ſaid Sabere that is not faire.
He rode to Beuis and told him ſo, and aſked him leaue for to goe.
Beuis ſaid unto Sir Sabere, I will alſo goe with you thither.
With Iosian, Miles, and Sir Guy, and thy ſonne Sir Terrie,
Thereof was Sir Sabere glad, for great power with him he had:
And ſo went forth to England, with men of Armes two thouſand,
And ſailed to South-hampton, with many Knights of renowne,
Sabers Wife and Robert his heyre, welcommed them all full faire.
And gaue them to underſtand, how all Sir Sabers Land,
The King arreſted without faile, through Sir Brians counſaile.
He ſaith he may take them away, for Arundell his Sonne did ſlay.
Then ſaid Beuis as I am alive, we will hie thither blive.
Beuis rode forth with little boaſt, at Putneth he left his Hoaſt:
It is from London miles three, where he left his companie,
And rode himſelfe to London, ſaue twelue Knights all alone.
Then he went to King Edgare, and aſked him in what manner
He had diſ-inherited Sir Sabere, and his ſonne that was his heyre.
I deliuered him mine heritage, here before your Baronage.

The

The King said to him right sone, Sir Beuis if ought be mis-done,
It shall be amended in a Parliament, with Earles and Barons assent.
All the Lords that were there, to Sir Beuis made good cheare,
Saue Sir Brian, a sole him befall, he was the most foe of them all.
Sir, said Brian to the King, is not this a wondrous thing,
That this fore-banished Swaine is come into England againe?
Ye ought him to hang and draw, as a Traitor against the Law.
The King would pardon Sir Beuis, but the Steward against it is.
Beuis was both worth and wood, yet answered neither ill nor good:
He tooke his Lodging in the towne, and to his meate did sit him downe.
Then Sir Brian forth went he, and made a crie through the Citie,
All those that Armes might beare, and fight with Shield or Speare,
That they should Arme them anone, to auenge the Kings Sonne.
Then were the Gates lockt, Windowes and doores fast stopt,
Chaines drawne in euery strate, to let Sir Beuis you may wate,
When Beuis heard that Treason, by he leapt like a Lyon,
Full soone he Armed him tho, and bad his men for to goe
Unto Putneth some priuie way, and to my Sonnes doe you say,
That they bring them hither bliue, if they will haue me on liue:
For while I fight here without, you may goe boide of doubt.
Beuis leapt on Arundell, he had no longer time to dwell.
The first he met without faile, was Sir Brian of Cornwalle,
He had with him a great rout, and beset Beuis round about:
And then Sir Beuis said to Brian, turne thee now as thou art a man,
Thou art an old Knight of Warre, Brian to him bare a Speare,
So hard it to Beuis he drone, that his Shield he all to rone.
Then he chased when he beheld, how the Steward broke his Shield.
Now said Beuis will I smite, and begin that debate to quite.
He smote Arundell vnder the side, and with Morglay in that tide,
He hit Sir Brian on the Crowne, and to the Saddle clone him downe.
Beuis stirred him in that stound, two hundred men he cast to ground.
He rode forth to Broad-strate, many Lumbards did he mate,
They assailed Beuis wondrous fast, on euery side he downe them cast,
Beuis had bene in many a Land, and many Battaile had in hand,
Yet was he neuer so woe a man, in any Battaile as he was than.
But he defended himselfe full well, and many of them he did fell,
On euery side downe them he cast and did ride among them fast,
Till he came to the Gate, where he found them on a heape.

Then againe began the fight betwéene the Citie and the Knight,
Beuis said with milde moode, to the folke that there stood.
I réede that yee vnlocke the Gate, and that you let me out thereat.
For if I dye here within, little credit shall you win,
All against him did they crie, yeld thée Beuis or thou shalt die,
Beuis fought till he was wood, and bathed Morglay in their bloud.
Sixe hundred men he cast to ground, and had neither wen nor wound,
But much Sweate off that man, through heate of his body came.
When it drew towards night, the people were still ready to fight,
Then began Arundell his stéede, to helpe his Master at his néede,
By twentie foote on each side, durst no man that Horse abide,
So long lasted then that fight, that it was well nigh darke night.
Sir Beuis Knights had good passage & to Putneth brought the message,
Sir Beuis sons should hie them bliue, if they would haue their father on
When Josian heard them speake of Beuis, in a swone shée fell iwis. (liue
Sir Miles her Sonne and Sir Guy, tooke her vp presently,
Sonnes shée said what is your réede? for certes your Father is dead,
The best réede that I can, is to slay euery man.
Nay said Miles we will not doe so, but to our Father we will goe,
And bring him good succour, if he be liuing in that stour,
And then if he slaine be, we will be auenged truely,
We will bestray all that Citie, soone they were all ready,
Sir Guy bestrid Arum bright, he was not beame but full light.
And a noble Sword gan he take, that was Sir Lancelots du Lake,
Sir Beuis with his owne hand, wan it in the Holy-land.
Miles had Arundell I vnderstand, that sometimes ought Rowland,
The Horse was as swift as any Swallow, there might no Horse him
Boates tooke they that tide, and ouer the Thames gan ride. (follow
And brought with them to the City, a thousand knights able and free.
They came to the waters side, with much ioy and great pride,
At Ludgate they began ariue, where they found Beuis aliue,
Certes Lordings I to you say, by that sprang the light of the day.
Beuis was so weary in that fight, that he could not sit vpright.
There dwelt a Lumbard in the town, a doughty man of great renown,
And he gathered a great boast, and rode forth with great boast.
And in his hand a good fauchowne, that was made of steele browne,
And forth he pricked to sir Beuis, and said wilt thou aske no trewis?
And than anon with his fauchowne, he hit sir Beuis vpon the crowne.

Beuis

Beuis for faintnesse laid him low, and leaned him vpon his saddle bowe.
That saw Beuis his sonne sir Guy, and gan pricke with great enuy,
With his sword drawne in his hand and to the Lombart sent his sand,
So hard on his head he it set, that through helme and Burgonet,
Man and horse in that stound, be smote asunder to the ground,
The point on the pauement gent, that the fire out went.
At that stroke sir Beuis lought, for it comfort to him brought.
He thanked God omnipotent, that him helps from heauen sent,
Arundell for ioy neighed right, and helped Beuis for to fight.
Sir Beuis turned in that whiles, and saw his other sonne sir Miles,
Come pricking with a great rout of armed men him about.
He neuer needed to seeke Leech, that sir Miles might ouer-reach,
Men might heare crownes cracke, when Beuis gan to strike.
So hard they gan together meet, that the bloud ran in euery street.
So many men were dead, that Cheapeside was of bloud red.
For there were slaine as I vnderstand, to the number of two thousand.
Through the false stewards read, and yet he was first dead.
It is true without leesing, of falshood commeth no good ending.
In euery street men might see, men in great paine to die,
Heads pared close by the eyes, shankes cut off by the thighes.
Hands and armes both cut off, heads and helmets tumbling aloft,
Dead bodies quartered into three, that it was great pittie to see.
When Beuis his enemies had destroyed, vnto Putneth he him hied.
Iosian was neuer so faine, as when she saw Beuis againe.
Beuis tooke Iosian full soone, and to South hampton came anone,
There he thought without faile, to abide King battaile.

How the King tooke truce with *Beuis*, and wedded his daughter to *Miles*, and made him Lord of *Cornewall*, that which longed to sir *Brian* the steward, whom *Beuis* slue in the Citie of *London*.

Tidings came to King Edgare, of the fighting that was there,
King Edgare then did full right, and sent after Baron and Knight:
And said, by my stewards read, many of my men are dead:
I am now an olde man, and Beuis much of warre can,
He came hither from farre, with great power on me to warre:
Two sonnes he hath brought, how to agree I take great thought:
Miles shall wed my daughter free, and so our strife aswagde shall be,
He shall be Earle of Cornewale, that was sir Brians without faile.

All they counſailed him ſo, a meſſenger the King ſent tho
To Beuis of South-hampton, and bad him come to London,
If will it be ordained ſo, to make league betweene vs two:
Miles ſhall wed my daughter free, and Earle of Cornewale ſhall he be:
Beuis is to London come, the wedding was preſently begun:
The Lady to the Church was led, and to ſir Miles ſhe was wed,
The King gaue him in ſpouſaile, the Earledome of Cornewale,
There was mirth at their ſpouſing, turnament and great iuſting:
At the ſpouſaile in that manner, the King and Beuis ſate full neare.
Now would Beuis home wend he toke his leaue of the King his friend.
And the Lords there that whiles, and alſo of his ſonne ſir Miles:
He betooke his ſonne to ſir Sabere, that he ſhould him teach and leare.
Beuis is gone and ſir Guy, Iſſian and eke ſir Terry.
Unto Hamptant, he did fare, and ſeauen yeare he lined there:
Then waxed Iſſian ſicke and lay, and Beuis alſo to pon I ſay,
Biſhops and Fryars came blithe, Beuis and Iſſian for to thriue.
When Beuis and Iſſian the good, were humbled vnto God in mood,
Each turned to other without boaſt, and both they yelded vp the ghoſt.
Much ſorrow made ſir Guy, but it was no boot truely,
For we muſt all be dead twis, when that Chriſts will is.
Sir Guy to the ſtable then went hee, Arundell his horſe for to ſee,
When he came there he found no read, for Arundell was alſo dead:
Sir Guy thought meruaile the ſoth to ſay, that all they died vpon a day.
Sir Guy did ordaine and make, for Beuis and Iſſians ſake
A place of religion and price, to ſing for Iſſian and Beuis,
And tombed them together there, King and Queene as they were,
Jeſu Chriſt in Trinitie, on their ſoules haue mercy.
Thus endeth Beuis of Hampton Knight and King of great renowne:
And they that heare this talking, Jeſu grant them good ending.
And bring vs all to heauenly bliſſe, that euer ſhall laſt and neuer miſſe.
Unto bliſſe bring vs he, that for vs dyed vpon the tree.

FINIS.

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